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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Epicurean; a Tale. By Thomas Moore. 12mo. pp. 333. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

WHEN we profess to take our full share, and in the highest degree, of that admiration which the poetry of Moore has inspired, and to feel that he has by his genius won a glorious immortality,—our sense of the beauties of this Tale may be appreciated by the acknowledgment that for an exquisite insight into human nature, for poetical thought and imagery, for grace, refinement, intellect, pathos, and sublimity, we prize the *Epicurean* even above the *Loves of the Angels*, or any other of the author's best works. Indeed, although written in prose, this is a poem, and a masterly poem. We are certain that it must have been originally planned for the language of metrical composition, whatever may have induced the bard to depart from his design, and give us only (as at pages 243, 250, &c.) glimpses of his first intention. But be this as it may, it is and will for ever rank as one of the most exquisite productions in English literature, alike valued for its lustre and purity.

Alciphron, the chief of the Epicurean philosophy at Athens, devoted to every indulgence and pleasure, becomes, in a slight degree, satiated with the unbounded gratification of human enjoyments. They do not pall upon the mind so much as they lead to a feeling of their briefness and uncertainty;—they confer too much happiness to be lasting; and their worshipper, wrapt in the Elysium of their bliss, begins to tremble at the thought that they must have an end. Then comes the natural longing for an immortality—an immortality of delight and of love. The present is poisoned with a vague fear, and the future is coveted with a superhuman ardour.

A strange vision in the delicious gardens of Epicurus fills the soul of Alciphron with this irresistible desire; and in search of the mysterious secret by which life may be prolonged, and the round of joys be made eternal, he departs for the land of ancient wonders, Egypt, and speedily reaches the solemn city of Memphis.

But before we follow him thither, we must, to the best of our power, point out some of the striking passages with which Mr. Moore has adorned his narrative; and we regret to say that these touches are so numerous and so condensed as to be hardly separable from the web of the story;—they are like jewels sparkling upon a tissue of gold. The period is thus defined:—

"The rapid progress of the Christian faith had alarmed all those, who, either from piety or worldliness, were interested in the continuance of the old-established creed—all who believed in the deities of Olympus, and all who lived by them. The consequence was, a considerable increase of zeal and activity throughout the constituted authorities and priesthood of the whole heathen world. What was wanting

in sincerity of belief was made up in rigour;—the weakest parts of the mythology were those, of course, most angrily defended, and any reflections tending to bring Saturn, or his wife Ops, into contempt, were punished with the utmost severity of the law. In this state of affairs, between the alarmed bigotry of the declining faith, and the simple sublime austerity of her rival, it was not wonderful, that those lovers of ease and pleasure, who had no interest, reversionary or otherwise, in the old religion, and were too indolent to inquire into the sanctions of the new, should take refuge from the severities of both under the shelter of a luxurious philosophy, which, leaving to others the task of disputing about the future, centered all its wisdom in the full enjoyment of the present."

The scene where the Athenian Epicureans cultivated this temporary gratification is thus described.

"Walks, leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance—glades, opening, as if to afford a play-ground for the sunshine—temples, rising on the very spots where imagination herself would have called them up, and fountains and lakes, in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace,—such was the variety of feature that diversified these fair gardens."

On a day of festival, "though study, as may easily be supposed, engrossed but little of the mornings of the garden, yet the lighter part of learning,—that portion of its attic honey, for which the bee is not obliged to go very deep into the flower,—was zealously cultivated. Even here, however, the student had to encounter distractions, which are, of all others, least favourable to composure of thought; and, with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the garden, taking his picture from the life, described:—

'As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
That temple threw its lengthening shade,
Upon the marble steps below,
There sat a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
While, by her side, the youthful Sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o'ershadow all the page.'

But it was for the evening of that day, that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the garden was illuminated with the most skilful variety of lustre; while over the Lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre. Between two of these boats a perpetual combat was maintained;—their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros; the former, the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the evening their conflict was carried on with various success; the timid distance at which Eros kept from his

more lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other continually assailed him, but which, luckily falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the flowers upon which they fell, and were extinguished."

Other parts are painted with equal felicity; and as the festival terminates, Alciphron tells us, in a tone which reminds us forcibly of Rascals—

"The sounds of the song and dance had ceased, and I was now left in those luxurious gardens alone. Though so ardent and active a votary of pleasure, I had, by nature, a disposition full of melancholy;—an imagination that presented sad thoughts even in the midst of mirth and happiness, and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present. Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with passion; and, not even in the fullest fervour of the latter, were they separated. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling, the same dark thread had run across the web; and images of death and annihilation mingled themselves with the most smiling scenes through which my career of enjoyment led me. My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy fancies. For, shut out, as I was by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of delight assumed a mournful preciousness in my eyes, and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death. This very night my triumph, my happiness, had seemed complete. I had been the presiding genius of that voluptuous scene. Both my ambition and my love of pleasure had drunk deep of the cup for which they thirsted. Looked up to by the learned, and loved by the beautiful and the young, I had seen, in every eye that met mine, either the acknowledgment of triumphs already won, or the promise of others, still brighter, that awaited me. Yet, even in the midst of all this, the same dark thoughts had presented themselves;—the perishableness of myself and all around me every instant recurred to my mind. Those hands I had prest—those eyes, in which I had seen sparkling a spirit of light and life that should never die—those voices that had talked of eternal love—all, all, I felt, were but a mockery of the moment, and would leave nothing eternal but the silence of their dust!

Oh, were it not for this sad voice,
Stealing amid our mirth to say,
That all in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey;—
But for this bitter—only this—
Full as the world is brim'd with bliss
And capable as feels my soul
Of straining to its depth the whole,
I should turn earth to heaven, and be,
If bliss made gods, a deity!"

It is in this strain of mind, the truth of which must be recognised by every breast susceptible of the highest emotions, and conscious of that frequent blending of the sad with the happy,—the sadder in proportion as the hap-

pininess is the greater;—it is in this strain of mind that the vision alluded to appeared to the young philosopher, and bade him, if he sought eternal life, "go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest." Impressed with the idea of the "possible existence of some secret, by which youth might be, if not perpetuated, at least prolonged, and that dreadful vicinity of death, within whose circle live pines and pleasure sickens, might be for a while averted,"—Alciphron resolves to follow the oracular advice; and his leaving Athens is playfully enough contrasted with the solemnity of his purpose.

"I announced (he says) to my associates of the garden the intention which I had formed to pay a visit to the land of pyramids. To none of them did I dare to confess the vague visionary impulse that actuated me. Knowledge was the object that I alleged, while pleasure was that for which they gave me credit. The interests of the school, it was apprehended, would suffer by my absence; and there were some tenderer ties which had still more to fear from separation. But for the former inconvenience a temporary remedy was provided; while the latter a skillful distribution of vows and sighs alleviated. Being furnished with recommendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, in the summer of the year 257, A.D., I set sail for Alexandria. To one, who extracted such sweets from every moment on land, a sea voyage, however smooth and favorable, appeared the least agreeable mode of losing time that could be devised. Often did my imagination, in passing some isle of those seas, people it with fair forms and kind hearts, to whom most willingly, if I might, would I have paused to pay homage. But the wind blew direct towards the land of mystery; and, still more, I heard a voice within me, whispering for ever 'On.'"

At Alexandria, (he continues) "The very forms of the architecture, to my Epicurean imagination, appeared to call up images of living grace; and even the dim seclusion of the temples and groves spoke only of tender mysteries to my mind. As the whole bright scene grew animated around me, I felt that though Egypt might not enable me to lengthen life, she could teach the next best art,—that of multiplying its enjoyments.

"The celebration of the annual festival of Serapis took place during my stay, and I was, more than once, induced to mingle with the gay multitudes that crowded to his shrine at Canopus on the occasion. Day and night, while this festival lasted, the canal, which led from Alexandria to Canopus, was covered with boats full of pilgrims of both sexes, all hastening to avail themselves of this pious license, which lent the zest of a religious sanction to pleasure, and gave a holiday to the passions of earth, in honour of heaven.

"Egypt was the country, of all others, from that mixture of the melancholy and the voluptuous, which marked the character of her people, her religion, and her scenery, to affect deeply a temperament and fancy like mine, and keep tremulously alive the sensibilities of both. Wherever I turned, I saw the desert and the garden, mingling their bloom and desolation together. I saw the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, and pleasure and death keeping hourly watch upon each other. In the very luxury of the climate there was the same saddening influence. The monotonous splendour of the days, the solemn radiance of the nights—all tended to cherish that ardent melancholy, the offspring of passion and

of thought, which had so long been the inmate of my soul. When I sailed from Alexandria, the inundation of the Nile was at its full. The whole valley of Egypt lay covered by its flood; and, as I saw around me, in the light of the setting sun, shrines, palaces, and monuments, encircled by the waters, I could almost fancy that I beheld the sinking island of Atlantis, on the last evening its temples were visible above the wave. Such varieties, too, of animation as presented themselves on every side!

While, far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue as heaven as ever blest this sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave
Ascending, in procession show and grave,
Priests, in white garments, go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands:
While there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataraets—
Glide with their precious lading to the sea,
Flumes of bright liquids, rhinoceros' ivory,
Gems from the isle of Merce, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.

Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims on their way
To Sals or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus-flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and hid, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour:
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacia, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last!

Enchanted with the whole scene, I lingered on my voyage, visiting all those luxurious and venerable places, whose names have been consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Sais I was present during her Festival of Lamps, and read by the blaze of innumerable lights, those sublime words on the temple of Neitha: "I am all that has been, that is, and that will be, and no man hath ever lifted my veil." I wandered among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis, and saw, not without a sigh, the sun smiling over her ruins, as if in mockery of the mass of perishable grandeur, that had once called itself, in its pride, the "City of the Sun." But to the Isle of the Golden Venus was my fondest pilgrimage;—and as I explored its shades, where bowers are the only temples, I felt how far more fit to form the shrine of a Deity are the ever-living stems of the garden and the grove, than the most precious columns that the inanimate quarry can supply. Every where new pleasures, new interests awaited me; and though Melancholy, as usual, stood always near, her shadow fell but half-way over my vagrant path, and left the rest more welcome brilliant from the contrast. To relate my various adventures during this short voyage, would only detain me from events, far, far more worthy of record. Amidst such endless variety of attractions, the great object of my journey was forgotten;—the mysteries of this land of the sun were, to me, as much mysteries as ever, and I had as yet been initiated in nothing but its pleasures. It was not till that evening, when I first stood before the Pyramids of Memphis, and saw them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when he expires, he will look his last,—it was not till this moment that the great secret, of which I had dreamed, again rose in all its inscrutable darkness upon my thoughts. There was a solemnity in the sunshine that rested upon those monuments—a

stillness, as of reverence, in the air around them, that stole, like the music of past times, into my heart. I thought what myriads of the wise, the beautiful, and the brave, had sunk into dust since earth first beheld those wonders; and, in the sadness of my soul, I exclaimed,—"Must man alone, then, perish? Must minds and hearts be annihilated, while pyramids endure?—Death, death, even on these everlasting tablets,—the only approach to immortality that kings themselves could purchase,—thou hast written our doom, saying, awfully and intelligibly, 'There is, for man, no eternal mansion but the tomb!' My heart sunk at the thought; and, for the moment, I yielded to that desolate feeling which overspreads the soul that hath no light from the future. But again the buoyancy of my nature prevailed, and again the willing dupe of vain dreams, I deluded myself into the belief of all that I most wished, with that happy facility which makes imagination stand in place of happiness."

How true, how natural, and how grand, are the sentiments embalmed in this quotation!—it also finely describes the character of the hero, and advances the progress of the story.

At Memphis (of which there is a noble picture) the Athenian youth, during a festival of worship of the Moon, sees in an extraordinary situation, and falls in love with, a priestess of Isis. The tale then proceeds—"Bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me,—till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore, and flung myself into my boat. There is, to the north of Memphis, a solitary lake (which, at this season of the year, mingles with the rest of the water), upon whose shores stands the Necropolis, or City of the Dead—a place of melancholy grandeur, covered over with shrines and pyramids, where many a kingly head, proud even in death, has for ages awaited the resurrection of its glories. Through a range of sepulchral grots underneath, the humbler denizens of the tomb are deposited,—looking out on each successive generation that visits them, with the same face and features they wore centuries ago. Every plant and tree, that is consecrated to death, from the asphodel-flower to the mystic plantain, lends its sweetness or shadow to this place of tombs; and the only noise that disturbs its eternal calm, is the low humming sound of the priests at prayer, when a new inhabitant is added to the silent city. It was towards this place of death that, in a mood of mind, as usual, half bright, half gloomy, I now, almost unconsciously, directed my bark. The form of the young priestess was continually before me. That one bright look of hers, the very memory of which was worth all the actual smiles of others, never left my mind. Absorbed in such thoughts, I rowed on, scarce knowing whither I went, till, startled by finding myself within the shadow of the City of the Dead, I looked up, and saw, rising in succession before me, pyramid beyond pyramid, each towering more loftily than the other,—while all were out-topped in grandeur by one, upon whose summit the moon seemed to rest, as on a pedestal. Drawing near to the shore, which was sufficiently elevated to raise this city of monuments above the level of the inundation, I lifted my oar, and let the boat rock idly on the water, while my thoughts, left equally without direction, fluctuated as idly. How various and vague were the dreams that then passed through

my mind—that bright vision of the temple mingling itself with all! Sometimes she stood before me, like an aerial spirit, as pure as if that element of music and light, into which I had seen her vanish, was her only dwelling. Sometimes, animated with passion, and kindling into a creature of earth, she seemed to lean towards me with looks of tenderness, which it were worth worlds, but for one instant, to inspire; and again—as the dark fancies, that ever haunted me, recurred—I saw her cold, parched, and blackening, amid the gloom of those eternal sepulchres before me!”

At this moment the lovely object of his adoration appears, and is soon after lost among the sepulchres; and though he reasons admirably on his passion, he must follow its impulse.

“To become enamoured thus of a creature of my own imagination, was the worst, because the most lasting, of follies. Reality alone gives a chance of dissolving such spells, and the idol I was now creating to myself must for ever remain ideal.”

No matter whether this be called the philosophy of Epicurus or of Plato, it is the philosophy of nature and of truth. Such love as poetry paints, and as the imagination owns, can never be realised by a human being; for its realisation is its destruction. Its life and death occur at the same moment. The hearts that seemed to themselves only to need union in order to be utterly blessed, begin from that very point to tend different ways:—in some the separation may be more wide, in others less; in some there may be future approximations; but the two lines are ordained by an immutable law to terminate at a distance from each other. On one side the passion may continue fixed, and growing with its growth; but as sure as this happens in the world, so sure does inconstancy, on the other side, first dim, and then finally overshadow that fond illusion which illuminated the dawning of the dream. But it is too bold a theme for criticism to undertake, especially while contemplating the traits of such a master as is now before us, and whose spirit, in fact, has betrayed us into reflections hardly becoming our grave office. Away!

Alciphron penetrates into a pyramid, where he discovers Alethe, the object of his ardent inquiry. She is in a chapel, bending over a lifeless figure entombed in crystal, whence she raises a silver cross, and “bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervour; then, turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with an inspired earnestness, as if, at that moment, in direct communion with heaven, they saw neither roof, nor any other earthly barrier between them and the skies.” Again she vanishes, and the lover tells us, “hour after hour did I wander through that City of Silence,—till, already, it was noon, and, under the sun’s meridian eye, the mighty pyramid of pyramids stood, like a great spirit, shadowless.”—After a pause, he says of himself, “like a sentinel of the dead, did I pace up and down among these tombs, contrasting, in many a mournful reflection, the burning fever within my own veins with the cold quiet of those who slept around.”

We are reluctantly compelled to pass rapidly over Alciphron’s subsequent adventures on re-entering the pyramid, where he falls into the toils of the crafty priesthood of Egypt, who try, by means so magical as almost to be incredible, to make the famous Greek philosopher a proselyte to their false religion. The descriptions of his initiation through fire, water, and air, and of the mighty wonders exhibited for the purpose of overwhelming his reason, are

full of grandeur and extraordinary effect. Yet of all this we can only quote one example, which we select as combining poetry with narration.

“I was now preparing to rise, when the priest again restrained me; and at the same moment, two boys, beautiful as the young Genii of the stars, entered the pavilion. They were habited in long garments of the purest white, and bore each a small golden chalice in his hand.” Advancing towards me, they stopped on opposite sides of the couch, and one of them, presenting to me his chalice of gold, said, in a tone between singing and speaking,—

“Drink of this cup—O’erlip’s lips
The same in his halls below;
And the same he gives, to cool the lips
Of the dead, who downward go.

Drink of this cup—the water within
Is fresh from Lethe’s stream;
’Twill make the past with all its sin,
And all its pain and sorrows, seem
Like a long-forgotten dream!

The pleasure, whose charms
Are sleep’d in woe;
The knowledge, that harms
The soul to know;

The hope, that, bright
As the lake of the waste,
Allures the sight,
But mocks the taste;

The love, that binds
Its innocent wreath,
Where the serpent winds,
In venom, beneath!—

All that, of evil or false, by thee
Hath ever been known or seen,
Shall melt away in this cup, and be
Forgot, as it never had been!”

“Unwilling to throw a slight on this strange ceremony, I leaned forward, with all due gravity, and tasted the cup; which I had no sooner done than the young cup-bearer, on the other side, invited my attention, and, in his turn, presenting the chalice which he held, sung, with a voice still sweeter than that of his companion, the following strain:—

“Drink of this cup—when Isis led
Her boy, of old, to the beaming sky,
She mingled a draught divine, and said—
‘Drink of this cup, thou’lt never die!’

Thus do I say and sing to thee,
Heir of that boundless heav’n on high,
Though frail, and fall’n, and lost thou be,
Drink of this cup, thou’lt never die.”

“Much as I had endeavoured to keep my philosophy on its guard, against the allusions with which, I knew, this region abounded, the young cup-bearer had here touched a spring of imagination, over which, as has been seen, my philosophy had but little controul. No sooner had the words, ‘thou shalt never die,’ struck on my ear, than the dream of the Garden came fully to my mind, and, starting half-way from the couch, I stretched forth my hands to the cup. Recollecting myself, however, and fearful of having betrayed to others a weakness only fit for my own secret indulgence, with an affected smile of indifference I sunk back again on my couch,—while the young minstrel, but little interrupted by my movement, still continued his strain, of which I heard but the concluding words:—

“And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,
Dreams of a former, happier day,
When Heaven was still the spirit’s home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away!

Glimpses of glory, ne’er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not,
But, oh, what again shall brightly be!”

Among the other enchantments to which the priests have recourse, it may be anticipated that they employ (unconsciously to herself) the youthful priestess; and of her, when hope arose, the author finely says—“As long as Fancy had

the field of the future to herself, even immortality did not seem too distant a race for her. But when human instruments interposed, the illusion vanished. From mortal lips the promise of immortality seemed a mockery, and imagination herself had no wings that could carry beyond the grave.

“The Future, however, was now but of secondary consideration;—the Present, and that deity of the Present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. For the sake, indeed, of such beings alone did I think immortality desirable, nor, without them, would eternal life have appeared to me worth a prayer. To every further trial of my patience and faith, I now made up my mind to submit without a murmur. Some propitious chance, I fondly persuaded myself, might yet bring me nearer to the object of my adoration, and enable me to address, as mortal woman, her who had hitherto been to me but as a vision, a shade.”

This chance does occur. On the last night of Alciphron’s initiation, (and here we may observe, that all this part of the subject is unfolded with remarkable fidelity, and displays immense classical and mythological knowledge of the ancient Egyptian doctrines and mysteries)—on this eventful night, when momentarily expecting the full development of the mystic glories of Isis, Alethe herself steps forth from behind her awful altar-veil, and delivers the votary from his perilous trial. Their escape is, like all the rest of the pyramidal scenery, of a very extraordinary character; but at last they emerged into day. The timidity and terror of the beauteous priestess when, instead of one whom she had pictured to herself to be a venerable sage, she discovered that the companion of her flight was a young and noble Grecian, is delicately painted. However, they continue on their way; leave Lake Moeris, and ascend the Nile for Sais, whither Alethe traces her way, agreeably to the dying request of her mother,—the form enshrined in the crystal tomb. The scenery and the manners of the country are traced with a skilful pencil; but we must hasten on. It appears that Theora, the mother of Alethe, had been in secret a Christian, into which pure faith she had initiated her daughter. This was the cause of her embracing the offered chance of escape from the unhallowed precincts of Egyptian pagan superstition; and she now seeks a holy Anchorite, near Arsinoë, for succour and protection. On her way, however, with Alciphron, she encounters the danger of falling under the dominion of an earthly power, strong enough to contest the palm of victory even against heavenward enthusiasm. As they sail where “the superb lotus, which had risen with the sun from the wave, and was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light,” she feels and confesses the influences of this Power. Here the Epicurean knowledge and the vestal innocence are admirably portrayed.

“In the art (says Alciphron) of winning upon female confidence, I had long been schooled; and now that to the lessons of gallantry the inspiration of love was added, my ambition to please and to interest could hardly, it may be supposed, fail of success. I soon found, however, how much less fluent is the heart than the fancy, and how very distinct are the operations of making love and feeling it. In the few words of greeting now exchanged between us, it was evident that the gay, the enterprising Epicurean, was little less embarrassed than the secluded priestess; and, after one or two ineffectual efforts to bring our

voices acquainted with each other, the eyes of both turned bashfully away, and we relapsed into silence.

"The love, with which this simple girl had inspired me, was—possibly from the mystic scenes and situations in which I had seen her—not unmingled with a tinge of superstitious awe, under the influence of which I felt the buoyancy of my spirit checked. The few words that had passed between us on the subject of our route had somewhat loosened this spell; and what I wanted of vivacity and confidence was more than made up by the tone of deep sensibility which love had awakened in her place.

"By such a light, and at such an hour, seated, side by side, on the deck of that bark, did we pursue our course up the lonely Nile—each a mystery to the other—our thoughts, our objects, our very names a secret; separated, too, till now, by destinies so different; the one, a gay voluptuary of the garden of Athens, the other, a secluded priestess of the temples of Memphis; and the only relation yet established between us being that dangerous one of love, passionate love, on one side, and the most feminine and confiding dependence on the other. The passing adventure of the night-fair had not only dispelled still more our mutual reserve, but had supplied us with a subject on which we could converse without embarrassment. From this topic I took care to lead on, without interruption, to others, fearful lest our former silence should return, and the music of her voice again be lost to me. It was, indeed, only by thus indirectly unburdening my heart that I was enabled to refrain from the full utterance of all I thought and felt; and the restless rapidity with which I flew from subject to subject was but an effort to escape from the only one in which my heart was interested.

"When I told of the scene in the chapel,—of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living,—the maiden leaned down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a pleasure to her, however, to listen; and, when she looked at me again, there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us. So neighbouring are the fountains of love and of sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle their streams. Little, indeed, as I was guided by art or design, in my manner and conduct to this innocent girl, not all the most experienced gallantry of the garden could have dictated a policy half so seductive as that which my new master, Love, now taught me. The ardour which, shown at once, and without reserve, might have startled a heart so little prepared for it, thus checked and softened by the timidity of real love, won its way without alarm, and, when most diffident of success, most triumphed. Like one whose sleep is gradually broken by music, the maiden's heart was awakened without being disturbed. She followed the charm, unconscious whither it led, nor was aware of the flame she had lighted in another's bosom, till she perceived the reflection of it glimmering in her own."

Two short passages of her story, alone, will shew how sweetly it is told. Her conversion by her mother is thus mentioned:—

"Out of the reach of those gross superstitions which pursued them at every step below, she endeavoured to inform, as far as she might, the mind of her beloved girl, and found it lean as naturally and instinctively to truth,

as plants that have been long shut up in darkness will, when light is let in, incline themselves to its ray;" and her final departure from the pyramid thus:—"Having paid a last visit to the tomb of her beloved mother, and wept there, long and passionately, till her heart almost failed in the struggle,—having paused, too, to give a kiss to her favourite ibis, which, though too much a Christian to worship, she was still child enough to love,—with a trembling step she went."

The Anchorite whose refuge she is now so anxious to partake, is to be found, where, "on the eastern bank of the Nile, to the north of Antinoë, a high and steep rock, impending over the flood, which for ages, from a prodigy connected with it, has borne the name of the Mountain of the Birds. Yearly, it is said, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in the ravine, of which this rocky mountain forms one of the sides, and are there observed to go through the mysterious ceremony of inserting each its beak into a particular cleft of the rock, till the cleft closes upon one of their number, when the rest, taking wing, leave the selected victim to die." But the fugitives accidentally pass this spot, and to avoid detection, return down the river by themselves in a small boat.

"The evening was more calm and lovely than any that yet had smiled upon our voyage; and, as we left the bank, there came soothingly over our ears a strain of sweet, rustic melody from the shore. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling on the bank before an acacia, and singing, while her companions stood round, the wild song of invocation, which, in her country, they address to that enchanted tree:—

O Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray, to thee;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute
Of thy bough's salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower.
O Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the light no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And thou bend'st thy boughs
To kiss his brow.
Saying, 'Come rest thee here.'
O Abyssinian tree,
Thus how thy head to me!

In the burden of this song the companions of the young Nubian joined; and we heard the words 'O Abyssinian tree,' dying away on the breeze, long after the whole group had been lost to our eyes."

At length they reach the hermitage, where a few Christians adore their God in safety. Alciphron, unable to quit the object of all his dearest affections, professes to become a disciple; and though a dissembler at first, soon becomes deeply convinced of the sublime truths of Christianity. The holy hermit, in consequence, betrothes him to Alethe; but on the eve of this auspicious destiny, when all the prospect is peace and blessedness, when Alciphron "wandered, unamused and uninterested by either the scenes or the people that surrounded me, and sighing for that rocky solitude where Alethe breathed, felt *this* to be the wilderness, and *that* the world," the persecution under Vespasian commences, and the Christians are dragged to martyrdom at Arsinoë. Alethe is saved for one day, and Alciphron, wounded, obtains leave to visit her in prison,—where she has been sent from the tribunal, with a coral chaplet tied round her head, as if in mockery, by the cruel and inhuman priest;—and thus ends the pathetic and beautiful tragedy.

"Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her. She was half reclining, with her face hid in her hands, upon a couch,—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha, hanging from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it,—one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost doubted its reality. Alethe! my own, happy Alethe! *can it, I thought, be thou that I look upon?* She now, slowly and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch; on observing which, the kind Tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes, which, when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it. After wandering vaguely for a minute, her eyes rested upon me, and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprung from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and, even now, scarcely trusted her senses. 'My husband! my love!' she exclaimed; 'oh, if thou comest to call me from this world, behold I am ready!' In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it. 'Alethe!'—I cried, terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang,—and the sound of my voice seemed to re-animate her;—she looked up, with a faint smile, in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot wholly the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the tenderness with which she spoke,—oh, at any other moment, how I would have listened, have lingered upon, and blessed every word!—But the time flew fast—the dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer,—the flames, the racks, the wheels were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter, in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice,—by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—but for once—comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her. Shrinking from me, as I spoke,—but with a look more of sorrow than reproach,—'What, thou, too!' she said mournfully,—'thou, into whose spirit I had fondly hoped the same heavenly truth had descended as into my own! Oh, be not thou leagued with those who would tempt me to 'make shipwreck of my faith!' Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded,—die for the truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard on those nights, those happy nights, when both the present and future smiled upon us,—when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the blessed conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in it!

—shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love? No, my own betrothed," she continued, pointing to the two rings on her finger, "behold these pledges,—they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven,—nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the Throne of Grace, I will intercede for thy soul—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that 'inheritance, immortal and undefiled,' which Mercy offers, and that thou, my dear mother, and I—She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished; and a darkness overspread all her features, a livid darkness, like the coming of death, that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips,—Believe me," she continued, "not all the torments they are preparing for me,—not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, which they will hardly equal,—could be half so dreadful to me as the thought that I leave thee." Here her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt—I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry I know not; but the tribune came rushing into the chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, "It is but too true!" He then told me, in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow was—oh horrible cruelty!—a compound of the most deadly poison, the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath,—but it would not come away—it would not come away! Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having prest it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine; and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away;—there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms."

To this what should we add? If the best style of Addison improved by modern taste—if the sublimity so much admired in *Vathek*—if the fine perceptions of nature so exquisite in *Rousseau*, but employed on a pure theme—if all these, and many other splendid qualities, touched by the genius of Moore, can impart delight to readers, then will *The Epicurean* be an everlasting monument to his fame.

We have not feared to give the catastrophe, because nothing can impair the interest inspired by every page of this polished and brilliant composition.

THE GARDENS OF THE HESPERIDES.

We are not aware of any subject of classical inquiry more interesting than the celebrated and romantic Garden of the Daughters of Hesperus, of which so many of the ancient Glories of literature have written, in prose and verse.*

* See, *passim*, Hesiod, Apollodorus, Diodorus, Quintilian, Apollonius, Virgil, Ovid, Statius, Philostratus, and many Schollasts.—Ed. L. G.

Lieutenant Beechey, in his recent Travels in Africa, having proceeded from Tripoly to Berenic, or Bengazi,* where, as Lempriere vouches, most authors have placed the Garden of the Hesperides—addressed himself on the spot to the examination of this memorable site of remote mythology; and, as might have been expected from the enterprise and talent which distinguish every branch of his family, he has elucidated the question in a manner at once satisfactory and entertaining. From his Narrative, now on the eve of publication, we consider ourselves fortunate in being enabled to give the following extracts.

"Bengazi may be considered as occupying the site of the Berenice of the Ptolemies and of the Hesperis of earlier times; but very few remains now appear above ground to interest the sculptor, the architect, or the antiquary. Berenice has, in fact, disappeared from the beautiful plain on which it stood, and a miserable, dirty Arab town has reared itself on its ruins, or rather on the soil which covers its ruins, for all its interest is now under ground. The erection of Bengazi on the site of the ancient town, rather than the effects of time, or of hostile violence, appears to have been chiefly the cause of the total disappearance of the latter; for the stones of which the buildings were originally composed being too large for the purposes of the Arabs, are broken up into small pieces before they are used in modern structures, and generally before they are removed from the places in which they are dug up. Many a noble frieze and cornice, and many a well-proportioned capital, has been crushed under the hammer of these barbarians; so that, even were there not a single house in Bengazi which has not been composed of ancient materials, yet there is nothing of architecture in any of them at present to fix, and scarcely to arrest, the attention."

"Very extensive remains of building are still found about Bengazi, at the depth of a foot or two from the surface of the plain; and whenever a house is intended to be erected, the projector of it has nothing more to do, in order to obtain materials for building it, than to send a few men to excavate in the neighbourhood, and with them a camel, or two or three asses, to transport what is dug up to the spot which has been fixed upon for the house. If the fragments which are found should prove too large for removal (which is generally the case), they are broken into smaller pieces, without the least hesitation or concern, till they are reduced to a convenient size for loading, and are afterwards broken again into still smaller pieces, as occasion may require, on the place where the house is built. Many valuable remains of antiquity must have disappeared in this way, but it is probable, at the same time, that many still exist to reward the expense of excavation; and we have little doubt, that

* From Tripoly the travellers proceeded, with many adventures and over a various country, till they arrived near Muktahr, at Sachrin, the southernmost point of the famous Gulf of Syrtis; thence their route lay along the coast by Briga (probably the ancient Automala), Tablila (the Maritime Stations of Ptolemy?), Carcora, and Ghimenes, to Bengazi, respecting which it is stated—

"The extensive plain in which the town of Bengazi is situated, is bounded to the southward by the range of high land, on whose summit Cyrene once stood so conspicuously; and the whole of the plain at the foot of this range is covered with vegetation from the hills to the sea. The sight, we believe, was refreshing to all parties; for our very horses and camels appeared to partake of the pleasure which we could not avoid feeling ourselves in contemplating so agreeable a scene." The town is nearly surrounded by a salt-water lake; and Mr. Beechey further observes: "Bengazi is allowed to have been built upon the site once occupied by the town of Berenice, the most western city of the Pentapolis" in the Cyrenaica.

statues and inscriptions, numerous fragments of architecture, and good collections of coins and gems, might still be obtained within the distance of half a mile round Bengazi. On the beach to the northward and to the north-eastward of the town, where a bank of twenty and thirty feet (more or less) is formed of the rubbish of one of the ancient cities, coins and gems are continually washed down in rainy weather; and the inhabitants of Bengazi repair in crowds to the beach after storms, and sift the earth which falls away from the cliff, disposing of whatever they may find to the few Europeans of the place."

Besides deep quarries, whence the cities of old were constructed, Mr. Beechey tells us, "Some very singular pits or chasms of natural formation are found in the neighbourhood of Bengazi: they consist of a level surface of excellent soil, of several hundred feet in extent, enclosed within steep and for the most part perpendicular sides of solid rock, rising sometimes to a height of sixty or seventy feet, or more, before they reach the level of the plain in which they are situated. The soil at the bottom of these chasms appears to have been washed down from the plain above by the heavy winter rains, and is frequently cultivated by the Arabs; so that a person, in walking over the country where they exist, comes suddenly upon a beautiful orchard or garden, blooming in secret, and in the greatest luxuriance, at a considerable depth beneath his feet, and defended on all sides by walls of solid rocks, so as to be at first sight apparently inaccessible. The effect of these little secluded spots, protected, as it were, from the intrusion of mankind by the steepness and the depth of the barriers which enclose them, is singular and pleasing in the extreme: they reminded us of some of those secluded retreats which we read of in fairy legends and tales; and we could almost fancy ourselves, as we looked down upon them, in the situation of some of those favoured knights and princes, the heroes of our earlier days, who have been permitted to wander over the boundaries of reality into regions shut out from the rest of mankind. It was impossible to walk round the edge of these precipices, looking every where for some part less abrupt than the rest, by which we might descend into the gardens beneath, without calling to mind the description given by Scylax of the far-famed garden of the Hesperides. This celebrated retreat is stated by Scylax to have been an enclosed spot of about one-fifth of a British mile across, each way, filled with thickly-planted fruit-trees of various kinds, and inaccessible on all sides. It was situated (on the authority of the same writer) at six hundred and twenty stadia (or fifty geographical miles) from the Port of Barca; and this distance agrees precisely with that of the places here alluded to from Ptolemy, the port intended by Scylax, as will be seen by a reference to the chart. The testimony of Pliny is also very decided in fixing the site of the Hesperides in the neighbourhood of Berenice."

"The name, indeed, itself of Hesperides would induce us to place the garden, so called, in the vicinity of Bengazi; for the Hesperides were the early inhabitants of that part of the Cyrenaica,—and Hesperis, as we have already stated, was the ancient name of the city of Berenice, on the site of which Bengazi is built, and which was probably so called by the

* An excellent collection of these remains of Grecian art has been recently sold for a considerable sum, (six thousand dollars, as we were informed,) by a relation of the Vice-Consul of Bengazi, who had not been many years resident there."

Greeks, from the circumstance of its being the most western city of the district. It has been supposed by Gosselin and others, that those celebrated gardens of early times (for they are frequently mentioned in the plural) were nothing more than some of those Oases, or verdant islands, 'which reared their heads amid the sandy desert:' and, in the absence of positive local information, the conjecture was sufficiently reasonable. The accounts which have come down to us of the *desert of Barca*, from the pens of the Arab historians, would lead us to suppose that the country so called (which included not only the territory in question, with the whole of the Pentapolis and Cyrenaica, but also the whole tract of coast between Tripoly and Alexandria) was little more than a barren tract of sand, scarcely capable of cultivation. Under such an impression, we can readily imagine that modern writers might be easily deceived; and when it was necessary to fix the site of groves and gardens in the country so erroneously described, we may certainly justify them in looking for such places in the only parts of a sandy desert where luxuriant vegetation is found, the Oases, or verdant islands alluded to.

"It must be confessed" (adds Mr. B. after quoting Murray's eloquent observations on the subject, in his account of *Discoveries and Travels in Africa*, &c.)—"it must be confessed that the position of the Hesperian gardens has been fixed by different authors in so many parts of the coast of Africa, that we may scarcely hope to reconcile statements so opposite. The legends connected with these celebrated places are at the same time so wild and extravagant, as well as so discordant with each other, that we might often be tempted to consider the gardens themselves as fabulous and imaginary spots, existing only in the creative brain of the poet and the mythologist, and nowhere to be found in reality. We should not, however, say, from our view of the subject, that 'the variety of position' assigned to the gardens of the Hesperides 'is referrible to no precise geographical data:' the details which we have already quoted from Scylax are too minute to be wholly rejected; and the position of the gardens, as laid down by Ptolemy and Pliny, coincides with that assigned to them by Scylax. We have shewn, at the same time, that the nature of the ground in the neighbourhood of Berenice (or Bengazi) is consistent with the account of Scylax; and that places like those which he has so minutely described are actually to be found in the territory where he has laid down the gardens. This singular formation, so far as we have seen, is also peculiar to the country in question; and we know of no other part of the coast of northern Africa where the same peculiarities of soil are observable. We do not mean to point out any one of these subterranean gardens as that which is described in the passage above quoted from Scylax; for we know of no one which will correspond in point of extent to the garden which this author has mentioned: all those which we saw were considerably less than the fifth of a mile in diameter (the measurement given by Scylax); and the places of this nature which would best agree with the dimensions in question, are now filled with water, sufficiently fresh to be drinkable, and take the form of romantic little lakes. Scarcely any two of the gardens we met with were, however, of the same depth or extent; and we have no reason to conclude that because we saw none which were large

enough to be fixed upon for the garden of the Hesperides, as it is described in the statement of Scylax, there is therefore no place of the dimensions required among those which escaped our notice—particularly as the singular formation we allude to continues to the foot of the Cyrenaic chain, which is fourteen miles distant, in the nearest part, from Bengazi. When we consider that the places in question are all of them sunk below the surface of the soil, and that the face of the country in which they are found is overspread with brushwood, and nowhere perfectly level, it will not be thought extraordinary if some of them should have escaped us in a diligent and frequently-repeated search. At any rate, under the circumstances which are already before the reader, it will not be thought a visionary or hastily formed assumption, if we say that the position of these celebrated spots, 'long the subject of eager and doubtful inquiry,' may be laid down with some probability in the neighbourhood of the town of Bengazi. The remarkable peculiarities of this part of northern Africa correspond (in our opinion) sufficiently well with the authorities already quoted, to authorise the conclusion we have drawn from an inspection of the place; and to induce us to place the gardens of the Hesperides in some one, or more, of the places described, rather than in any of the Oases of the desert, as suggested by Monsieur Gosselin and others. It seems probable that there was more than one garden of this name; but they could scarcely have been all of them so large as that mentioned by Scylax; and the greater number of those which we were able to discover were considerably smaller in all their dimensions, as we have already stated above. It has been mentioned that some of the chasms above described have assumed the form of lakes; the sides of which are perpendicular, like those of the gardens, and the water in most of them appears to be very deep. In some of these lakes the water rises nearly to the edge of the precipice which encloses them, and in others is as much as twenty feet below it. They are no doubt much fuller after the rainy season than at other times of the year, and the water is then sweeter than ordinary. Besides these, there are also several subterranean caves in the neighbourhood of Bengazi. One of these, at the depth of about eighty feet from the surface of the plain, contains a large body of fresh water, which is said to run very far into the bowels of the earth, or rather of the rock which overshadows it. On descending into this cave, we found that it widened out into a spacious chamber, the sides of which had evidently been, in many places, shaped with the chisel, and rose perpendicularly to a considerable height. Our progress was soon stopped, as we were advancing into the cave, by the body of water we have mentioned; which, notwithstanding the lights we procured, was scarcely visible through the thick gloom which surrounded us. We found the water shallow at the edge, but it soon became gradually too deep to be practicable: we were also unable to discover any end to it, and a stone thrown as far as we could send it, fell into the water without striking. We had, however, seen enough to excite our curiosity very strongly, and we determined to return, at some early opportunity, with a boat and a good store of torches, intending to go as far along this subterranean stream as the height of the rock would allow us. On mentioning our visit and our intentions to Bey Halil, he informed us that he had himself paid a visit to the place, in

company with a chaous of his suite; and that he had carried with him a small boat in which he embarked with the chaous, and proceeded a considerable distance. They became, at length, afraid of not finding their way back, and put about to return as they came, having found (as he said) on sounding, that the depth of the water was in some parts as much as thirty feet. This account naturally made us more anxious than ever to put our intentions in execution; but no boat could then be found in the harbour sufficiently small for our purpose, and we were obliged to defer our subterranean voyage; determining, however, that if we could not find a portable boat on our return from Cyrene, we would contrive to put together some pieces of timber, and prosecute our researches on a raft, after the example of Sindbad the sailor. But, alas! who can say that to-morrow is his own?—and who is there who makes the most of to-day? If we had constructed our raft before we moved farther eastward, instead of waiting for the chance of a boat when we came back, we should in all probability have been able to ascertain the extent of this mysterious river. As it was, we were obliged, by circumstances which we could neither control nor foresee, to leave the coast of Africa before we had completed our researches in the city and neighbourhood of Cyrene; and the short time which we had at our command on returning to Bengazi, was insufficient (under the pressure of other occupations) for accomplishing this object of our wishes. The disappointment here alluded to was only one among many others which we experienced, in consequence of our hasty and unexpected return; but it was one which we regretted more, perhaps, than it deserved; for mystery will always add a charm to inquiry, which further investigation might probably remove, but which will continue to preserve its powers of fascination while the uncertainty remains which created it. We are too well acquainted with the talent of amplification so generally possessed by Turks and Arabs of all classes, to rely implicitly upon the truth of every part of the above-mentioned narrative related to us by the Bey of Bengazi: there is, however, no reason, of which we are aware, connected with the nature of the place, which militates against its probability; and we submit it accordingly, as we received it, to our readers, in the absence of more decided information. We have already wandered into the regions of fable in speaking of the gardens of the Hesperides; and before we retrace our steps, we must be permitted to linger for a while on the borders of the mysterious hidden stream above mentioned. The Lethe, or Lathon (for it is no less a stream to which we are going to call the attention of our readers), is laid down by geographers in the neighbourhood of the gardens, and close to the city of the Hesperides."

Here our intelligent author discusses the passages in Strabo,* Ptolemy, Lucan,† Pliny, —and remarks, "the disappearance of the Lathon, and its subsequent rise, might have been a poetical fiction; but when we find, in the country in which it was placed, a large body of water which actually loses itself, we are naturally led to believe one part of the assertion, and to seek to identify the actual subterranean

* Mr. Beechey considers the Lake of Bengazi to be identical with the Tritonis of Strabo, on an eminence near which, surrounded occasionally by water, he places the famous Temple of Venus.

† "Here Lethe's streams, from secret springs below,
Rise to the light; here, heavily and slow,
The silent, dull, forgetful waters flow."
—Rowe's *Lucan*.

streams with that which is said to have existed. On a reference to the authority of geographers and historians, we find a river called Lathon laid down very clearly in the place where this body of water is found, and we remark that the name which they apply to the river signifies *hidden or concealed*. So far there is a probability that the Lathon of the ancients and the subterranean stream in the neighbourhood of Bengazi may be one and the same river. *

"If we consider how trifling are the existing remains of the Ilissus, the Simois, the Scamander, and other rivers, to which we have been in the habit of attaching importance, we must not be surprised to find a celebrated stream dwindled down into a very insignificant one. The changes which a lapse of nearly two thousand years may be supposed to have occasioned on the northern coast of Africa, are fully sufficient to have reduced the river Lathon to the spring which now flows into the Lake of Bengazi."

The author closes his very interesting investigation (of which we have been obliged to omit several curious and learned particulars) in the following characteristic words:—

"It appears to have been from Berenice, the daughter of Magas, who was married to Ptolemy Philadelphus, that the city of Hesperus changed its ancient name into that which afterwards distinguished it. But the name of Berenice, which seems to have been conferred upon the inhabitants of this part of the Cyrenaica, was not by any means generally adopted; for we find that these people continued notwithstanding to be called by their former appellation of Hesperides. It is, however, somewhat singular that Pomponius Mela, who flourished towards the middle of the first century, and nearly a hundred years after the extinction of the dynasty of the Lagides, should have mentioned this city under its ancient name of Hesperus only; while he gives its Ptolemaic name, Arsinoe, to Teuchira, and distinguishes the Port of Barca by its appellation of Ptolemais. Yet the name of Berenice continued to be used by other writers long after the age of Mela; and Pliny, who flourished nearly at the same time with this geographer, mentions the city of the Hesperides by that title. It is probable that a name of such poetical celebrity as that which gave place to Berenice was not easily laid aside by the lovers of literature; and we find that Ptolemy thought it necessary, a hundred years after Mela, to add, when he speaks of the city of Berenice, that it was the same with that of Hesperis, or, as he writes it, Hesperides; from which we may infer that the ancient name of the place still continued to be better known than the modern one. But alas for the glories of Hesperis and Berenice! both names have passed away from the scene of their renown; and the present inhabitants of the miserable dirty village (for we can scarcely call it a town), which has reared itself on the ruins of these cities, have no idea that Bengazi did not always occupy the place which it has usurped on the soil of the Hesperides. The Arab who now gathers his corn or his fruit in some one, perhaps, of those gardens so celebrated in the annals of antiquity, dreams of nothing whatever connected with it beyond the profits which he hopes from its produce. He knows nothing of the stream or the properties of the Lethe; and the powerful influence of the River of Oblivion seems to have been so often and so successfully exerted, as to have drowned at length even the recollection of itself."

* The changes which time may be supposed to effect in the character and appearance of a country, are well ex-

The Draught of Immortality; and other Poems: with Cromwell's Dramatic Sketch. By Henry Meredith Parker. 8vo. pp. 196. London, 1837. J. M. Richardson.

We are very much pleased with these poems: we forgive the author his false fancies of freedom—the Hindoo mythology with which we are treated,—and confine ourselves to pointing out the much of grace—the gush of poetical feeling, that pervades this volume. Let these two poems make their own appeal.

"Honour our Brave.
Honour unto the brave!
Honour to those who fall,
Where freedom's banners wave,
Where glory's trumpets call;
The laurel, that alone
Should shade a hero's grave,
Will bloom when we are gone—
Then, 'Honour to the brave!'
Honour unto the brave!
Honour to those who bleed,
Their native land to save,
Oh! theirs is fame indeed!
Who that could perish so,
Would live to be a slave?
Could brave men crouch so low?
No!—'Honour to the brave!'
Honour unto the brave!
Who bore their banner high
Above the stormy wave,
Beneath the stormy sky:
They sleep the hero's sleep,
In many an ocean-cave,
But their fame is on the deep—
Then, 'Honour to the brave!'
Honour unto the brave!
Where'er they draw the sword;
Honour to those who crave
But fame as their reward;
In camp, in regal hall,
On mountain, or in cave,
At beauty's festival—
Still, 'Honour to the brave!'"

"Leaves and Flowers, or the Lover's Wreath.
With tender vine-leaves wreath thy brow,
And I shall fancy that I see
In the bright eye that laughs below,
The dark grape on its parent tree.
'Tis but a whim—but oh! entwine
Thy brow with this green wreath of mine.
Weave of the clover-leaves a wreath,
Fresh sparkling with a summer-shower,
And I shall, in my fair one's breath,
Find the soft fragrance of the flower.
'Tis but a whim—but oh! do thou
Twine the dark leaves around thy brow.
Oh, let sweet-leaved geranium be
Entwined amidst thy clustering hair,
Whilst thy red lips shall paint to me,
How bright its scarlet blossoms are.
'Tis but a whim—but oh! do thou
Crown with my wreath thy blushing brow.

passed in the following little fable of Kawiwi, translated from the Arabic by Silvestre de Sacy.

"I passed by a very large and populous city, and inquired of one of its inhabitants by whom it was founded. Oh, replied the man, this is a very ancient city! we have no idea how long it may have been in existence; and our ancestors were on this point as ignorant as ourselves. In visiting the same place five hundred years afterwards, I could not perceive a single trace of the city; and asked of a countryman, whom I saw cutting clover, where it stood, and how long it had been destroyed. What nonsense are you asking me? said the person whom I addressed: these lands have never been any otherwise than you see them. Why, returned I, was there not formerly here a magnificent and populous city? We have never seen one, replied the man, and our fathers have never mentioned to us any thing of the kind. Five hundred years afterwards, as I passed by the spot, I found that the sea had covered it; and perceiving on the beach a party of fishermen, I asked them how long it had been overflowed. It is strange, answered they, that a person of your appearance should ask us such a question as this: for the place has been at all times exactly as it is now. What, said I, was there not at one time dry land in the spot where the sea is at present? Certainly not, that we know of, answered the fishermen, and we never heard our fathers speak of any such circumstance. Again I passed by the place, after a similar lapse of time,—the sea had disappeared, and I inquired of a man whom I met at what period this change had taken place. He made me the same answer as the others had done before; and, at length, on returning once more to the place, after the lapse of another five hundred years, I found that it was occupied by a flourishing city, more populous, and more rich in magnificent buildings, than that which I had formerly seen! When I inquired of its inhabitants concerning its origin, I was told that it lost itself in the darkness of antiquity! We have not the least idea, they said, when it was founded, and our forefathers knew no more of its origin than ourselves!"

Oh, twine young rose-leaves round thy head,
And I shall deem the flowers are there,—
The red rose on thy rich cheek spread,
The white upon thy forehead fair.
'Tis but a whim—but oh! entwine
My wreath round that dear brow of thine."

We must call attention to a very beautiful Moorish ballad, and close our notice by again repeating a very high opinion of our author's poetical talents.

Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England, &c. &c., with considerable Additions. By the Rev. James Dallaway. Royal 8vo. London, 1827. John Major.

THE *third** volume of this admirable publication has just been placed upon our table; and we take shame to ourselves that any circumstances of pressure or of difficulty should so long have prevented us from telling the public what a treasure it is,—beautiful alike in paper, printing, and engraving, and truly excellent in every thing which depended upon the talents and exertions of its editor. Mr. Chalmers, in his General Biographical Dictionary, justly observed of Walpole, that it was a pity he did not continue to improve and enlarge his anecdotes, so as to render his book more valuable as a standard work on the Fine Arts. This desideratum Mr. Dallaway has supplied; and we can most impartially and honestly declare that he has done great honour to himself and great service to his country, by having so successfully devoted himself to his laborious though elegant task.

The intrinsic excellence of Walpole (albeit not carried to the perfection thought so requisite by Mr. Chalmers) has long been acknowledged; and a reference to the sale catalogue of any distinguished library will amply attest the estimation in which the original, printed at the private press of the noble author, at Strawberry Hill, in seven small quarto volumes, is held, by the large sum it has attained; and the present edition is infinitely superior (beyond comparison) to every other, whether as regards the text or the embellishments. We venture to offer a few remarks to our readers upon both: Mr. Dallaway, who has long been known to, and deservedly appreciated by, the public for his literary labours, has undertaken to edit this interesting publication, for which he is eminently qualified, since, in addition to a very long experience in, and acute judgment of, works of art and verba, he many years ago evinced his talents in this particular department, by his work upon *The Sculpture and Painting of the Ancients*. It is to be regretted that a calamitous fire at the printer's destroyed nearly the whole of the impression; and we the rather insist upon its merits, as we fear its rarity and value places it beyond the reach of many who would gladly avail themselves of the information it contains.

We must apprise our readers, however, that in the present edition Mr. Dallaway's labours extend to a revision of the text, and a vast number of original notes, within brackets [], in contradistinction to those by the noble author; and we are the more delighted when we read these appendices, inasmuch as that, with an apposite terseness of expression, they combine a full and ample elucidation of the subject. The embellishments, too, we repeat, in painter's phrase, are quite in keeping with the *tout ensemble* of the work, being at once spirited and highly characteristic. The publisher, Mr.

* The work is to be completed in five volumes, uniform with Puck's edition of Royal and Noble Authors; and a better model could not have been adopted.

Major, has evidently engaged the very first-rate talent in this department; and, among others, we observe the names of W. Finden, Robinson, and Worthington.* We cannot avoid noticing two very splendid portraits in the second volume; the one of Sir Peter P. Rubens, engraved by Robinson; and the other of Sir A. Vandyck, by Worthington, which are quite perfect in their way.

Having said so much, generally, in due praise of this splendid and tempting production, we are sorry that, from its nature, we are at a loss for the means of illustrating it:—the information furnished by the editor, though both interesting and important, is in so insulated a shape as to be hardly susceptible of extract. We will however transcribe, *exempli gratia*, a few notes, at random.

"Vanbrugh was patronised by Sir Robert Walpole, a circumstance to which his son does not allude. He was knighted upon the accession, in 1714, and then appointed Comptroller of the King's works,—in 1716, Surveyor of Greenwich Hospital. For Sir Robert, who had purchased a house at Chelsea, he built an octagon summer house of large dimensions. A letter concerning it, is extant, which gives a memorable example of the integrity of the architect as a man of business." Oct. 17, 1715.—The enclosed is the second part of what I troubled you with the other day, which I hope you will think a most reasonable application. I have made an estimate of your fabric, which comes to 270*l.*; but I have allowed for doing some things in it in a better manner than perhaps you will think necessary—so I believe it may be done to your mind for 200*l.* But, for your farther satisfaction, I desire you will send your clerk of the works to me, and I will explain it so to him, that he may likewise make a calculation, without shewing him mine, or telling him what I make the expense to amount to in the total. And when this is done, we will give each particular article to the respective workmen; and they shall make their estimation too—so that you shall know the bottom of it, at last; or the devil shall be in it. Your most humble Architect, J. Vanbrugh. To the Right Hon. Robert Walpole, Esq. at Chelsea."

J. Woolston, above a century ago, painted a portrait of Thomas Britton, the famous small-soal man, of whom Mr. Dallaway says—

"Britton was one of the most extraordinary men of his day, and is mentioned, or rather described, both in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, v. viii. p. 203, and No. 144. His concerts were frequented for forty years, and that by men of fashion and ladies of rank, who were seen climbing up a ladder to a low room, in which they were held. Both Drs. Burney and Hawkins, in their histories of music, have spoken of his knowledge of the science with great respect. He died in 1714, aged about 60, having been sacrificed to a jest. As he held all the Rosicrucian tenets respecting visible spirits, a ventriloquist was procured, to say to him, whilst engaged in a concert, 'Thomas Britton, go home, for thou shalt die.' The warning sent him home, where he died in a few days."

Respecting Kneller we are reminded of a "conversation which Sir Godfrey held with some gentlemen at Oxford, relative to the identity of a personage, formerly of great political importance, the disinherited son of James II. Some doubts having been expressed, he

* Mr. Major had previously proved himself highly deserving of extensive patronage: his splendid editions of Walton and Cotton's Angler, and Walton's Lives, speak infinitely more in his favour than ought we can offer.

exclaimed with warmth: 'His father and mother have sat to me about thirty-six times a-piece, and I know every line and bit of their faces. Mine Gott! I could paint King James now, by memory. I say, the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or mother; this I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken—nay, the nails of his fingers are his mother's, the queen that was. Doctor! you may be out in your letters, but I cannot be out in my lines.'"

Of the same celebrated individual we have a different version of two of Walpole's well-known stories.*

"When Pope asked Kneller the question, the witty painter, laying his hand gently upon the poet's deformed shoulder, uttered at the same time the wounding repartee as Mr. W. has given it. Pope (according to Spence) used to say, 'Have you ever heard Sir Godfrey's dream?—I thought that I had ascended a very high hill to heaven, and saw St. Peter at the gate, with a great crowd behind him. When arrived there, St. Luke immediately desisted me, and asked if I were not the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller? We had a long conversation upon our beloved art, and I had forgotten all about St. Peter, who called out to me, 'Sir Godfrey enter in, and take whatever station you like best.'"

The present quotation seems very applicable and worthy of attention at this moment, when the absurd and injurious prejudice to which it refers is beginning to be dissipated—for which, thanks again, to the Directors of the British Institution.

"Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, and Dean of St. Paul's, was a lover of the arts, and had collected many valuable pictures. He suggested to Reynolds and West, his wish that his cathedral should be decorated with painting; and they promised each to contribute one, with a view to more by other artists. An unexpected opposition was made to this proposal by Terrick, Bishop of London, and Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, as guardians of the fabric; and it was so powerful, as entirely to defeat the scheme, notwithstanding that the Royal Academy, by their president, made an application to Dr. Newton, in 1773, that 'the art of painting would never grow up to maturity and perfection, unless it were introduced into churches, as in foreign countries.' And six of them offered to contribute pictures."

West and Barry were also zealous in this cause. The next is curious, and relates to Captain William Wynde.

"Of this architect there is but little known, and still less respecting his military designation. It is yet extraordinary, that Mr. W. should not have mentioned his chief work, Buckingham House, in St. James's Park. This large mansion was built for John Sheffield,

* Walpole tells them thus: "Pope put Kneller's vanity to the strongest trial imaginable. The former laid a wager that there was no flatterer so gross but his friend would swallow. To prove it, Pope said to him as he was painting, 'Sir Godfrey, I believe if God Almighty had had your assistance, the world would have been formed more perfect.' 'Fore God, sir,' replied Kneller, 'I believe so.' This impious answer was not extraordinary in the latter. His conversation on religion was extremely free. His paraphrase on a particular text of scripture, singular. 'In my Father's house are many mansions; which Sir Godfrey interpreted thus: 'At the day of judgment, said he, God will examine mankind on their different professions: to one he will say, Of what sect was you? I was a Papist—go you there. Of what sect was you? A Protestant—go you there. And you? A Turk—go you there. And you, Sir Godfrey? I was of no sect—then God will say, Sir Godfrey, choose your place.' But Mr. Dallaway's account, as above, is far more pointed, and what is better, less profane."

Duke of Bucks, and had an inscription upon the frieze, 'Sic siti latantur Larvæ.' The following anecdote relates to that nobleman, with his architect, Winde, or his master builder. The edifice was nearly finished, but the arrears of payment were most distressing. Winde had enticed his grace to mount upon the leads, to enjoy the grand prospect. When there, he coolly locked the trap-door, and threw the key to the ground, addressing his astonished patron: 'I am a ruined man, and unless I have your word of honour that the debts shall be paid, I will instantly throw myself over.' 'And what is to become of me?' said the duke. 'You shall come along with me.' The promise was instantly given—and the trap-door opened (upon a signal made) by a workman in the secret, and who was a party in the plot." But we have done. These half-dozen extracts, literally made hap-hazard from the editor's notes, within some fifty pages of his last volume, will, we trust, indicate sufficiently how extremely valuable his entire labours are. In a word, we cannot recommend this work too highly.

Alexander's Travels from India to England.

[Conclusion.]

HAVING, in former *Gazettes*, gone through the leading incidents and sketches of the Journey, we have only, shortly, to revert to two or three of the scattered notices in the body of the volume which are likely to interest the lovers of the fine arts.

At Bushire (the author states), "the resident shewed me several casts which he had taken from the sculptures at Persepolis. He effected his purpose in the following manner. He first made several long shallow boxes of wood, in which he put quick lime, applied them to the sculptures, and allowed them to remain till thoroughly dry. The case was then taken off and sent to Bushire, containing the impression, from which the cast was again taken in lime. These, of course, are very valuable, as nothing can be more accurate. Processions were the subjects of the casts."

Near Persepolis itself "a beetle, called the *seen*, had this year proved very destructive to the crops in the plain, and the ignorant peasants said that it was occasioned by the Europeans having broken a talisman which existed amongst the ruins of Persepolis, and which used to preserve the grain from injury. Colonel Stannus, the year before, disinterred a number of sculptured stones, capitals of columns, &c.: a flight of locusts appeared a few days afterwards, and the peasants immediately set to work and carefully covered up what the colonel had taken so much pains to reveal. This shews to what ridiculous causes ignorant men sometimes attribute their misfortunes."

"On the 30th, a party proceeded to Nukshée Rujub and Nukshée Rustum, to view the sculptures and sepulchres. The first is about a mile and a half from Persepolis. Here are sculptures on the rocks, similar to those at Shapoor, of one king delivering to another the circlet of royalty; other sculptures represent kings mounted on horseback, with attendants on foot behind them, &c. Nukshée Rustum (which, by the way, is the general name throughout the country for sculptures of any sort) is a fursung from Persepolis. Here are several sepulchres similar to those at Persepolis, but more difficult of access. Several sculptures represent a combat between two horsemen, but unfortunately they have been very much de-

used: the execution is very spirited. Here is also the Shapoor sculpture of the two mounted kings, one presenting the ring to the other. Colonel Macdonald employed people in clearing away the earth from a staircase, and made the interesting discovery of a chimerical figure representing a lion or dragon winged, with a human head, resting one of its paws on a lotus-flower, supported by a stem like that of the date tree. No similar figure had ever previously been discovered at Persepolis. Four figures mounting steps were also brought to light: they seem to be employed in carrying viands requisite for a feast. The first bears two cups, the second a covered goblet, the third a lamb, and the fourth a skin either of water or wine."

There are adequate lithographic prints of these designs; and the volume is also illustrated with various coloured prints of the troops of Persia, Turkey, &c., as well as sketches of several landscapes and vignettes of interesting subjects. An Appendix adds to the value of the publication: it consists of, 1. a chronological epitome of the events in the Burmese war, from August 1823 to February 1825; 2. a summary of the causes and events of the existing war between Russia and Persia, 1826-7; and 3. an itinerary of the author's journey from Bushire to Rothen Thurn, a place of quarantine, 200 miles on the hither side of Bucharest. The summary of the war is altogether a paper of historical and political importance, and throws much light on a contest of very considerable interest to the British nation, and yet hardly known to us even in its principal features, and far less in its military details. Did our limits permit, we would copy it entirely into the *Literary Gazette*; but as this is out of the question, we must refer our readers to the work itself, and be content with an example of the barbarous and sanguinary nature of this war. Negotiations having broken off on the subject of a demarcation of frontiers,* agreeably to the loose treaty of Gulistan in 1813, Mr. A. states—

"About this period the Russian subjects in Dagistan, Shervan, and Sheke, were in arms. In Talish the people rose and cut off the detachments dispersed throughout the country; they then took Askaran, and in concert with a Persian army laid siege to Lankaran on the Caspian, which had been taken by the Russians in the last war. It was now garrisoned by a weak battalion of regulars, who, alarmed probably by the massacre of the troops in Askaran, withdrew in the night to the island of Sari, leaving in the fort six pieces of cannon, military stores, and provisions in abundance. The exasperation of the inhabitants of the Georgian provinces had risen to such a height, that the Russians were cut off by them whenever they were met with and could be overpowered. The insurgents bitterly complained of the tyranny and barbarity of the Governor-General, Yermoloff, and his subordinate officers, who paid no regard to the religious prejudices of the Mahomedans, violated the women, and were guilty of great enormities. General Yermoloff is reported to have amputated the right hands of a whole tribe, because a Russian detachment in the Caucasus was fired at; and a Russian soldier having been murdered near a village, the inhabitants of which refused to surrender the perpetrator of the deed, men, women,

and children, horses, dogs, and every living creature within the walls, were exterminated by the general's order. The conduct of the other party was nearly as barbarous, as the following occurrence will prove:—the Russian commandant at Karakalissa, threatened by the Surdar of Erivan, sent for a reinforcement to Ganja, which was garrisoned by a battalion one thousand strong. The officer in command at Ganja conceived that if the people were sworn to fidelity on the Koran, they would remain true to the Russian cause. The people took the oath, having been told by their moollah that there would be no sin in taking it, and none in breaking it. Seven hundred of the garrison then marched for Karakalissa, leaving three hundred behind in Ganja. The moollah, having secretly distributed a quantity of spirits amongst the soldiers, invited the officers to an entertainment, in the midst of which they were murdered, together with their intoxicated men. The moollah then set out, with about four hundred horse, after the detachment on its march to Karakalissa; he overtook them on a halt: proceeding to the commanding officer's tent, he told him that he came with news of the disaffection of the people of Ganja, and requested him to return. Whilst the moollah held the officer in conversation, his horsemen mixed with the unsuspecting Russians, and, at a signal, attacked and cut them up: two hundred only escaped."

"About this time the shah deputed a messenger to Constantinople, to communicate the intelligence of the success that had attended his arms, and for the purpose of exciting the Porte to declare war with Russia. Whilst the prince royal lay before Sheesha, he despatched his eldest son, Mahomed Mirza (governor of Hamadan), accompanied by Ameer Khan, maternal uncle of the prince royal, and a body of ten thousand men, with six field-pieces, on their march to Teflis. They encountered a Russian force of six thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry, under General Mududoff, who had previously sent a detachment of six hundred men to surprise a Persian post; but this body falling in with Mahomed Mirza's army, sustained a loss of two hundred men. A battle took place between the two armies on the 2d September, near Shamkhar, five fursungs from Teflis, when the Persians were defeated. They lost a considerable number of men, and also Ameer Khan, whose head was laid at the feet of the Russian general. Notwithstanding the provocations given to the Russians by the heads of their slain being sent to the royal camp and built into pyramids, Mududoff ordered the head and body of Ameer Khan to be decently interred. The Russians, after this success, advanced to Elizabethpol, or Ganja, from which they drove the Persians with great loss. The Persians had previously slaughtered the unwarlike Armenians, and swept off a colony of German Moravians settled near the town, whom they sold as slaves to the Koords, for three and four tomanas each. On this being communicated to his Persian majesty, he asked if any of the German women were handsome: on being answered in the negative; 'then let the Koords keep them,' said he. The prince royal, upon receiving the news of these disasters, hastily raised the siege of Sheesha, and marched towards Teflis, to revenge the death of his uncle and the disgrace of his son. The Armenians of Karabagh continued hovering on his flanks and rear, and cutting off stragglers during his advance. A considerable portion of his army was engaged in foraging and marauding excursions; but, as he advanced by slow marches,

he collected forty thousand men, half Nizam, or disciplined troops (for he had been joined by Alaiar Khan, the prime minister of Persia, with a considerable force); the remainder cavalry and irregulars, with twenty field-pieces. On the 25th September, the prince royal found himself opposite to the Russian army, commanded by General Paskevitch, which was strongly posted about five miles from Elizabethpol, waiting his approach. The prince resolved to attack them, and divided his army into three bodies, with the cavalry in the intervals and on the flanks. After a cannonade had been kept up for some time on both sides, the prince, finding that the heavy metal of the Russians (they had brought battering guns of large calibre into the field) was doing great execution amongst his troops, ordered a general charge upon the Russians, who were drawn up in hollow squares. When the Persian troops approached the enemy, the latter quickly formed line, and met the advance of the Persians, whose first line, being broken, fell back upon the second, and threw it into disorder. The reserve, seeing the fate of the other troops, fled towards the camp without firing a shot. Several standards and four field-pieces, fell into the hands of the Russians; the other guns, under the direction of Sergeant Dawson, were saved. The gallant artilleryman retreated in so masterly a manner, that he kept the Russian light infantry completely at bay. The loss sustained by the Persians amounted to two thousand; the Russians lost five hundred killed and wounded. The prince, perceiving the fate of his army, fled with a few horsemen, and did not halt till he was fifty fursungs on the Persian side of the Arras. His troops made for the camp to collect their effects; a general scramble ensued, and the cash-chest of the prince was plundered by his own soldiers. All order and discipline being at an end amongst the wreck of the army, each soldier betook himself to his home. When the news of this total overthrow was communicated to the shah, he was of course extremely dejected: he at length broke out into invectives against the prince royal, for his rash sacrifice of so fine an army in a single day; but subsequently relenting, he invited his son to the royal camp. Abbas Mirza replied to the invitation, by acknowledging that he was ashamed to appear in the presence of his father and brothers. After some delay he ventured to visit his royal father, and his approach was announced, unexpectedly, to the camp. Major G. Willock was deputed by the British Envoy to meet and console him. The spirits of the prince seemed to be quite sunk; he confessed that he had acted with great imprudence in attempting to contend against a well-appointed and disciplined army in the open field; and declared that had he acted differently, agreeably to the advice he had received, he might easily have driven his enemies out of Georgia. In passing the lines of the Janbaz infantry, loud expressions of dissatisfaction, and even hootings, were heard, which were extremely galling to the feelings of the unfortunate prince. The shah received him graciously, and endeavoured to cheer the drooping spirits of his favourite son; whilst the governors of the different provinces were despatched immediately to re-assemble their respective troops."

We see from the daily newspapers that the war has been renewed this spring; and we can refer to the document we have just quoted for much information on the subject of its origin, objects, and localities.

* The Russians took possession of a strip of country along the north and north-east shores of Lake Gokcha, uninhabited, but belonging to Persia, and also claimed the district of Capan in Georgia. Persia offered to give up the latter in a modified degree, disputing what were the real boundaries, but insisted on Russia evacuating Gokcha; and upon this issue was joined.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JULY.

1st day. The sun forms the vertex of an inverted isosceles triangle with Castor and Pollux in Gemini. The earth in aphelion, consequently the sun appears under its least angle of $31^{\circ} 31'$.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

First Quarter, in Virgo . . .	D. H. M.	1 19 8
Full Moon, in Sagittarius . .	8 10 30	
Last Quarter, in Pisces . . .	15 8 35	
New Moon, in Gemini	23 12 44	
First Quarter in Libra	31 2 59	

The Moon will be in conjunction with

Jupiter in Virgo	D. H. M.	1 12 30
Venus in Gemini	21 16 0	
Saturn in Gemini	22 0 50	
Mercury in Leo	25 15 10	
Jupiter in Virgo	29 0 0	

16th day. Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible as an evening star. 29th day. Stationary, near ϵ Leonis.

2d day, 8 hrs. Venus in conjunction with γ Tauri; 16th day, with α Geminorum; 17th day, with μ Geminorum; 25th day, 15 hrs. with Saturn; 28th day, 9 hrs. with δ Geminorum; 9th day, 11 digits east illuminated; apparent diameter, $11''$. This planet continues the morning star, though, from its remote position in its orbit, and proximity to the solar rays, it can be seen but imperfectly, a short time before sunrise.

12th day, 1 h. 45 min. Mars in conjunction with the sun.

24th day, 20 hrs. Jupiter in conjunction with γ Virginis, and continues the bright ornament of the summer evenings' sky. There will be only one visible eclipse of the satellites during the month.

First satellite, immersion . .	D. H. M.	5 10 21
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5th, 12th, and 26th days, at 9 hrs. 15 min. respectively, the third and fourth satellites only will be visible; the first and second being either behind or on the disc.

1st day, 23 hrs. 30 min. Saturn in conjunction with the sun.

19th day, 16 hrs. 15 min. Uranus in opposition, or on the meridian, at midnight.

Though the present season of the year is unfavourable for astronomical observations, there is constantly some celestial object offering itself for investigation: of this description is the constellation Boötes, which appears in the south-west, about nine o'clock in the evening. It is easily distinguished by the brilliant star Arcturus, which forms the summit of a triangle with Jupiter and Spica Virginis, and is termed by Herschel one of the insulated stars, being, as he supposed, in a great degree out of the reach of the attractive force of other stars. In this class is placed our Sun, Capella, Lyra, Sirius, Canopus, Markab, Bellatrix, Menkar, Sheddi, Algorab, Propus, and probably others. Arcturus has a proper motion of its own, its right ascension of $1^{\circ} 26'$, and declination of $1^{\circ} 72'$, annually: a similar motion has been observed in some other stars, and hence it has been inferred that the solar system is proceeding through space towards the constellation Hercules, as it is evident that the stars in one direction of the heavens are receding from, and in the opposite direction approaching towards, each other. The most beautiful double star in the heavens is in the girdle of Boötes; it is called Mirae: the largest star is of a red, and the smallest of a blue colour, having the appearance of a planet and its satellite: the ratio of their magnitudes is as 3 to 2. This is termed a binary system, being connected by

the laws of gravitation; and, from a series of observations, it is concluded that the small star performs its revolution in an elliptical orbit in 1,681 years. When Boötes is west south-west, Hercules transits the meridian. J. T. B.

Dagford.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

On Friday the 15th, the evening meetings of the members of the Institution terminated for the season. The subject selected for the lecture was one which must at all times be interesting, but which at present is particularly so, viz. the Tunnel under the Thames. Mr. Brunel, the engineer, did not give the lecture himself; but he furnished the materials to Mr. Faraday, and certainly he could not have put them into better hands,—for a more clear and luminous explanation of the ingenious and scientific means devised by Mr. Brunel for the accomplishment of his object, it is impossible to imagine. We regret that we are able to communicate to our readers only a very small portion of the information and high gratification which we experienced; but it must be obvious, that without the aid of drawings and models, the attempt to do more would be quite hopeless. Our readers are aware, that on the 18th of last month the water broke into the tunnel, and suspended (only for a season, we hope,) the progress of the work; at that time the tunnel had been carried between 500 and 600 feet under the bed of the river. Mr. B. had met with many obstacles and impediments, some of which, to a man of less ability and perseverance, would have been insurmountable. While the miners were making their way through ordinary earth and clay, they considered it, to use Mr. Faraday's language, as mere holiday business; but sometimes they came to beds of small round stones, through which the water flowed with such rapidity that the work was greatly impeded, and the safety of the workmen endangered. The most formidable difficulty, however, they had to contend against, was what the miners called *live earth*, which was in a semifluid state, and sometimes rushed upon the men like water. Such, however, was the skill and foresight of Mr. Brunel, that whenever any of these untoward accidents occurred, the miners always found themselves provided with the means, which he had prepared long before hand, to meet the evil and remedy the damage.

As soon as possible after the accident of the 18th May, Mr. Brunel, jun. descended in a diving bell, immediately over that part of the tunnel where the water had broken in. It had been imagined that the constant flux and reflux of the tide, carrying with it such quantities of sand and mud, would, by its deposits, prevent any great inequalities in the bed of the river. This opinion turned out to be erroneous, for there was a very considerable and sudden dip immediately over the spot where the water entered the tunnel. An excavation had been made at that spot some years ago, for the purpose of fixing a mooring stone: the plan was abandoned, and it is supposed the excavation remained unfilled up by the tides. But whatever was the cause, there undoubtedly was a very sudden dip in the bed immediately over the spot where the accident happened; for Mr. Faraday, who himself went down in the bell, stated that directly beneath him, though he stretched his arm as far as possible, he could not find the bottom, and yet one side of the bell was then actually touching a part of the

* The latest accounts given in the newspapers of the reduction of the water in the shaft tend greatly to animate this hope.—Ed.

bed. Mr. Brunel, jun. let himself down from the bell, found the precise spot where the water had broken in, and actually felt the iron frame-work used by the miners, and ascertained that it was uninjured. Mr. Faraday mentioned it as a curious philosophical fact, that Mr. B. was able to remain full two minutes under water without experiencing any great inconvenience; and he accounted for it in this way. When the bell was lowered to the greatest depth, the air inside was necessarily much compressed: the persons in it, therefore, though they inhaled the same bulk of air which they would under other circumstances, yet, as two atmospheres were compressed into one, inhaled twice the quantity, and of course a much larger supply of oxygen was furnished to the lungs.

There is every reason to believe that the access of water to the tunnel from the river is now in a great measure stopped; the engines are at work to clear it out; and we trust that in a very short time the work will again be in progress.

Among the visitors were the French Ambassador, Prince Polignac, and Charles Buonaparte, who were seated quietly beside each other. We cannot close this subject without paying a just tribute of applause to the board of managers, for the very admirable manner in which they have conducted these Friday evening conversations at the Institute; and we place implicit confidence in their assurance that they will be renewed with increased effort next season.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The following gratifying Report of the Directors has just been made.

"The funds of the Institution consist at the present time of £12,500. 3 per cent consols. It is hoped that these funds may be considerably increased by the exhibition of the beautiful collection of pictures now on view at the Gallery, which last year attracted such general notice, and which his Majesty, ever anxious to forward the purposes of the Institution, has again allowed the directors to offer for the inspection of the public." [This hope is being daily and amply realised by the crowds who visit a Collection matchless of its kind.]

"The Directors, finding that the two Institutions which have been established for the relief of decayed Artists, were not only founded upon the most humane principles, but conducted in the most beneficial manner, have applied, in the course of the present year, £400 to the purposes of these Institutions; viz. £200 to the Artists' Benevolent Fund, and £200 to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution."

The report next mentions what has been already announced in the *Literary Gazette* respecting two pictures to be painted on the subjects of Lord Howe's and Lord St. Vincent's victories, by Mr. Briggs and Mr. Jones, to be placed, "as well as those which were exhibited this year in the Gallery in commemoration of other naval victories, in the Hall of Greenwich Hospital."

It also confirms what we last week stated of the gift of Mr. Hilton's and Mr. Northcote's pictures to the new church at Pimlico, built by Mr. Hakevill, and to the chapel built by Mr. Cockerell, in the upper part of Regent Street.

It thus concludes: "to afford a general view of the advantage which has been derived from the establishment of the British Institution, it may be desirable to state, that above £70,000 have been paid to various artists for pictures sold at the Gallery since its commencement;

that the Directors have, in the course of that period, purchased pictures to the amount of about £14,000; and that they have awarded premiums amounting nearly to the sum of £5000: but the greatest benefit, perhaps, which the British Institution has conferred on the public, is that of having called the general attention to the utility of its objects, and enlisted many of our enlightened countrymen in the cause of the Fine Arts."

NOVELTIES IN THE FINE ARTS.

Medallion of Buonaparte.—A miniature medallion of Napoleon Buonaparte (which we may well notice in this, from its contents, Buonaparte Number of our Gazette) has been sent to us for inspection. It is the production of a Mr. Poidevin, and will, we believe, be published next week. The portrait is of fine gold, and, to the best of our knowledge, a fine likeness: it is on a ground of matted silver, and handsomely mounted in an ebony frame, elegantly embellished. The style is new, the effect rich and unique, and the execution of the work of the foremost order. Indeed, we have hardly seen any thing in the way of invention in art, altogether more pleasing; and our chief regret is, that we cannot prefix it as a frontispiece to Sir Walter Scott's history. It is, however, a rich library or chamber ornament.

Golden Views.*—We have already noticed Mr. Christ's very pretty manner of printing subjects, of every kind, in gold, upon cards which have the appearance of China or enamel. An admirable series of Views in Rome, from Pinelli, have since reached us; and certainly raised our admiration of this new and beautiful style of art. They are really exquisite in detail and finish; nor do they injure the character of art, as preserved by more sober materials, in the way that might have been anticipated. But if they did, would they not be invaluable for their very illusions? *Golden Views!* There is magic in the name. Look around at the sombre realities of this dull earth; at the gloom over your abodes; the blight over your trees; the dreariness over your paths; the darkness over your prospects; and then hasten to Mr. Cooke's, enlarge his golden views by purchasing forthwith, and at once change the scene for a world all shining, palaces of glittering resplendency, landscapes glowing as if in evening sunsets, roads illuminated with dazzling brilliancy, and distances such as Hope herself could not surpass, while cheating you with the vain imagination that the future would be better than the present and brighter than the past.

Engraving.—The proof of a Madonna is before us, engraved by T. Woolnoth, from a drawing by Wageman, studied from Carlo Dolci. If we observe that it is exquisitely beautiful, we barely do it justice. It is not only a gem of art, but one of the most touching representations of holy grief which we ever witnessed. The artist's manner is happily preserved; and the soft and gentle hand with which Mr. Woolnoth has performed his part, is entitled to our highest commendations.

England and Wales. By J. W. Turner. Part II. Jennings.

If possible, superior to the first Part. Colchester makes one of the most romantic pictures we have ever seen: the castle and trees resemble a sacred fairy fane, and the foreground here-bunt a scene of elfin mischief. The Fall of the Tees does not engrave so

* Published by Cooke, Soho Square.

well, though the distance is fine, as Turner's always are. Richmond, in Yorkshire, is a capital subject, and Launceston extremely picturesque. The engravers who have distinguished themselves on these views are, Wallis, Goodall, W. R. Smith, and Varvall.

Clark on Landscape Painting. S. Leigh. THOSE of our fair readers and friends who possess Mr. Clark's Portable Diorama, or either of his two Myrioramas, will know of what beauty and utility in productions of art he is capable; and the same performances, or Urania's Mirror, will serve to shew them the handsome manner in which the publisher, Leigh, sends forth works of this class. If we add, that none of these can be compared either for beauty or utility to the present design, we are only doing justice to all parties, and preparing the public for a very elegant production. In a box, made to resemble a folio volume bound in morocco, are four separate parts, addressed to instruction in landscape painting, from the first outline to the finished drawing. Each Part is accompanied by literary and scientific explanations and advice; and no fewer than fifty-five well-chosen and well-executed subjects, on thick drawing paper, illustrate the whole. Thus, in Part I., we proceed from simple outlines to black-lead-pencil sketches, with diagrams and light and shade, &c., in this commencement of the art. Part II. leads us through rough sketches stained, tinted, in breadth of light or shade, and in colours. Part III. advances us still farther with elemental effects, groups, figures, architecture, &c.: and Part IV. completes the very perfect circle of instruction, with still more finished examples of peculiar scenery, touch, and other higher qualities. Altogether, we have seen nothing so excellent as a code of tuition, nor so well adapted for the delight of persons of taste (especially ladies) who may desire to prosecute the charming accomplishment which it is the object of this work to render as easy of acquisition, as admirable when acquired. It is with great propriety dedicated (by permission) to the Duchess of Kent; and the numerous order in our rich country who can afford to indulge in studies of this refined character, will do well to become Her Royal Highness's imitators, by patronising so meritorious and interesting a publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CROWNING OF THE BRITISH LIVING POETESSES.*

"I deem the Bard, who'er he be,
And however known,
Who would not twine a wreath for me,
Unworthy of his own."—*Cicero.*

To those whose investiture this *jeu d'esprit* is designed to celebrate, and who alone can fully comprehend, as it is believed they will readily forgive, many of its playful allusions, it is most respectfully and most cordially inscribed,

APOLLO, one day, as he sat on his hill,
In chat with the Muses that wait round him still,—

Their talk having turned on their votaries in
He put all at once a contemplative fit on;
Then cried, on a sudden,—“Yes, so it shall be,
And Calliope ably will represent me!”
The Maids, to his godship's vagaries long used,
Were far less surprised at this speech than
amused;

* For this Poem, which will be published in a separate form, as a small volume, we are indebted to a friendly correspondent; and therefore, printing it verbatim, we are not, as critics, to be held answerable for all its estimates and opinions. We should probably differ sometimes in arranging the scale; but we do not the less admire the playful and pretty compliment which the writer offers to the general genius of England's fairest literary and poetical ornaments.—*Ed. L. G.*

But the suppliant Calliope hastened to speak:—
“O Phoebus! why implicate me in your freak?
Half angry, the god took an air rather grave,
And shook the gold locks o'er his forehead that

wave;
“You Ladies,” he said, “should be last to
If to practise the plan I have purposed I deign:
You must know then,” he added, and smiled
as he spoke, [broke!
“O'er my brain that the brightest idea has
You have oft heard me mention what cordial
regards

I bear to my loyal Britannian bards,
And ‘the Feast of the Poets’* describes, as
you know,

The honours I granted them some time ago;
But it cross’d me just now, in the hovering
dream [there,—
That lighted upon me, when wrapt in this
As a strange and a crying omission, that while
Some names ‘mongst the fair that embellish
their tale,

I may set in my frontlet, its circle to gem,
I have publicly shewn no such honours to them.
Forgive it, Astræa!—but hark, for I see
Your interest awoke, and you’ll listen with
glee [begin],

While my scheme I develop. The scene (to
Shall be meetly enacted that temple within
Which hath lately arisen, hypæthric, to view,
Reared high in its grandeur, at Athens the
new.

I’ll empower Calliope there to preside,
Arrayed in all pomp of Parnassian pride;
For holding a court where but ladies are seen,
Less appropriate seems to a king than a queen;
And though,” said the god, while his fair
cheek was cross’d

By the blush-rose, “no regular bride I can
boast, [still
Like my good brother George I am fortunate
In illustrious sisters such function to fill.”

The chief of the Nine, to the plan reconciled,
Recovering her spirits, most gratefully smiled
At the thought of the honourable post she had
won, [on,

And the compliment paid, while Apollo went
“She shall give to each fair, on that drawing-
room day,

Who may then be entitled to claim the entrée,
And may seem to my delegate worthy such
honour,†

A wreath, that the Muse shall herself put upon
Whose fadeless material my Daphne shall give,
And my own royal† finger industrious weave.

They’ll like it as well as a dinner at least,
And laurel is cheaper by far than a feast;
Indeed, I much fear that my credit would fall
Again to procure such a sumptuous regale

As that which I gave to the poets, for still,
I rather believe, I’m in debt for the bill.
I mean not, this time, to provide even tea;
But if ‘mid the votaries, Calliope see

Any fair who complains of the drought on her
lip, [sip,
She may bid her come here, of our nectar to
This, this is my purpose, nor will I delay

To our fair devotees the due honours to pay.”
The god closed his speech, and the Muses,
obedient,
Declared such a measure was highly expedient:

* See “The Feast of the Poets,” by Leigh Hunt,

† It had been intended to introduce a short imitation of the peculiar style of each lady-poet, in the shape of a prophetic address to the presiding Muse; but this design was abandoned from a fear of possible offence to some of those whom the writer would be most unwilling to displease.

† *Ἀντὶ τῶν ποιητῶν ἀντίδωτον*. *Id.* p. 401.

But we haste to pass over the long preparation
 Preceding, of course, such a solemn occasion,
 Nor stay to relate how the land of the North
 Was set in commotion from Moray to Forth;
 And the realm of the Southron pour'd many a
 train, [fane;—

To gaze on the scene that should hallow the
 The various feelings to guess and portray
 With which the fair actors awaited the day;
 How one was afraid that the concourse would
 press,

And hurry her nerves, or disorder her dress;
 And many another, it must be confessed,
 That she should not, or might not, be "looking
 her best."

How poor Mrs. Opie was truly a *Quaker*
 Lest her newly-ta'en garb should conspicuous
 make her,

And rather in doubt that this same expedition
 Might incur, if not "dealing," at least "admo-
 nition." [wear,

How Landon was sorely perplex'd what to
 Nor Hemans resolved as to flowers in her hair,
 And Mitford alarm'd lest the people should
 stare; [indeed!

How the great Mary Anne, in each sense great
 Was puzzled to get herself north of the Tweed,
 And ponder'd and waver'd which way she
 should go, [in tow.

Whether steam, or ten cattle, should take her
 How Hannah long hesitates whether 'twas
 good [Wood.—

At her age, on such errand, to quit Barley
 Where Quiet with Nature and Flora reposes,—
 And leave so far distant her glow-worms and
 roses. [thought,

How Fry, hands and eyes did lift up at the
 Nor till many a clerical counsel was sought,
 Could see her path clear to a gathering so vain;
 While C. soaring free like her own skylark's†
 strain. [gain.

Pronounced it a path that a *Condor* might
 All this, and much more, we must briefly
 pass o'er, [dome;]

The day it is come, and we haste to the
 Laying up all we view in our memory's store,
 For the good of the curious who linger at
 home.

The fane was festoon'd with full garnish of
 flowers,

And laurel unwreathed from terrestrial bowers;
 But the chaplets of honour that came from
 afar,

Calliope brought in the floor of her car.
 A goddess she look'd, and she moved as a
 queen, [green,

When she cross'd the fair shrine to the canopy
 O'erarching the throne of her crowded de-
 mesne; [left

For "Beauty and Fashion," on right and on
 Were ranged, while the midst for the votaries
 was kept.

The first on the legate of Phœbus to wait
 Was the gifted Johanna, and she came in state;
 For, like to her namesake of fanatic fame,
 She can many a personal devotee claim:
 Her carriage was built of Parnassian cedars,
 And steeds of Pegasus breed were the leaders;
 The panels were carved in most classical
 fashions,

And painted with scenes from her "Plays of
 the Passions;"

And as she alighted, arrived at the fane,
 Sotheby let down the step, and Scott lifted her
 train.

* Terms employed in a peculiar sense among the res-
 pected society of which Mrs. Opie has lately become a
 member.

† See Mrs. J. Conder's beautiful lines to the "Sky-
 lark."

A flame-coloured vest of rich velvet she wore,
 And a scarf of the rainbow her shoulder thrown
 o'er;

A treasury of pearl round the vestment was
 shed, [bed,

Like a silvery stream o'er its bright pebbled
 Or—fittier figure for subject so high!

Like the galaxy traced on the brilliant sky;
 But her head-gear was plain, for she reckon'd
 right well

On winning the wreath that all gems should
 excel: [came,

Nor vain was her trust, for the moment she
 The Muse held aloft the fair circlet of fame,
 And said, with a warmth that was shared with
 respect,

"In a scene like the present, you will not
 expect, [delay,

'Mid the hurry of business that brooks not
 I should tell you the half I was charged to
 convey." [do,

Then, placing the wreath, added, "All I can
 Just now, is thus barely to give you your due."

Miss Baillie had scarcely retired, when arose
 A sweeping of strings, and a sweeping of
 clothes;

And all could discern in the guise of the fair,
 Her lyre bound with myrtle—with myrtle her
 hair— [touching,

The chords that for ever her fingers were
 Except when her train drew her ear with its
 brushing,

Her numberless trinkets, and gorgeous vest,
 And the great "Golden Violet" displayed on
 her breast,

Her eye so illum'd, and her air so bewitchy,
 That it could be none else than the "Impro-
 visatrice;" [was spread,

Yet a rumour at first through the concourse
 That 'twas Lesbian Sappho rose up from the
 dead— [bearing

(The fire of her glance, and her languishing
 Might serve to excuse a suggestion so daring);
 At her entrance, she look'd on the Muse rather
 glum,

For she thought her own Erato perhaps might
 have come; [hair—a

She show'd on each side of her loose-streaming
 Profusion of brilliants in circling tiara,—
 While many were genuine, many were paste—
 And bows of all colours were stuck round her
 waist.

As she bent a firm step to Calliope's chair,
 The Muse seem'd to gaze with indifferent air;
 But remembering the sensitive make of the
 maid, [times allay'd,

And her "fine gold" of genius, though some-
 She put on a smile—a bright chaplet dis-
 play'd— [give,

And said, "If you wish for the garland I
 That when tinsel has perish'd immortal shall
 live, [brow

You must, in the first place, dislumber your
 Of the glittering crescent that spangles it now:
 Believe me, they ne'er can together be seen—
 And the world will allow that this fillet of
 green, [mien."

Which I freely bestow, better suits with your
 The damsel, subdued, took her brilliants down,
 Replaced by the simpler Castalian crown—
 And the critic, too honest to need that he
 swear it,

Sincerely ejaculates—long may she wear it!
 But whose is that gradual approach that we
 hear,

The motion inform that scarce silence can stir,
 That invalid face, worn as autumn's sear leaves,
 That reverend figure, with length of lawn
 sleeves—

In one hand a book, in the other a staff,
 With an eye that still shines, and with lips
 that still laugh.

Calliope sees it advance, with surprise
 No less than with pleasure, and hastens to rise
 And welcome the elderly lady (for such

It proved, though its garb with the church
 fitted much); [roam,"

"Though seldom of late to our regions you
 Cried the Muse, "yet I hoped that you'd settle
 to come, [home;

If years and ill-health did not keep you at
 And I were as recreant to taste as civility,
 If I did not thus greet her that wrote "Semi-
 bility."*

What book have you there? Is it any thing
 new [view."

From your own finished pencil? allow me to
 "Tis intended for you," with a sparkling eye
 And a gratified smile, did the authoress reply.

"A work of my own, it is true, but its date
 Rather ancient, my 'Thoughts on the Ways
 of the Great:'

If I had not aspired to do somewhat of good,
 I had scarce, at this age, left my cot in the
 wood,

From shining a sun, to rise here like a star—
 And brought my own coachmen and horses so
 far; [advert

But th' occasion seem'd fair for me just to
 To the life you all lead on the hill—to the
 hurt [dal—

Of your credit, no less than the general scan-
 E'en Phœbus himself (now don't deem me a
 Vandal)—

Yes—Phœbus himself, you'll allow me to say,
 Though we wink'd at his youth, is still de-
 perately gay— [sway!

And think how the poets his example must
 So I venture to beg you will take an occasion,
 Upon your return, to direct conversation,
 On the ills, from such pattern, that oft may
 befall, [you all—

And show him my book, which is meant for
 You doubt if he'll read it, I see, by your smile,
 But, at least, he might not be displeased with
 the style."

The lecture concluded, the good Hannah
 More—

(Though the reader has guess'd who it was
 long before)—

Her offering presented, and bent her adieu,
 When the Muse, who'd been thoughtful a
 moment or two,

Reverting to action, cried, "Ne'er shall you go,
 My excellent friend! till a boon I bestow
 In my turn, not e'en your acceptance be-
 neath"— [wreath.

And bound her gray locks with the genuine

A lady, with little to note in her mien,
 Or her mode, was the next to appear on the
 scene;

She modestly sued and obtained the same
 favour— [her.

Which Calliope, bending, most graciously gave
 She wore a silk vesture of sedgy green net,
 With shell-work and pearl in rich broderie
 set; [breeze;

Wreathed coral her tresses confined from the
 And they called her "Christina, the Maid of
 the Seas."†

A form, clad in robes of blood-crimsoned
 hue, [the view.

Fringed with martial devices, now broke on

* See Mrs. Hannah More's very beautiful poem with
 this title, inscribed to the Hon. Mrs. Boscawell.

† See "Christina, the Maid of the South Seas," by
 Mary Mitford.

She came with another, who also wore red,
Sprigg'd with javelins and crossbows in garni-
ture spread;
Each sembled some Amazon huntress or sporter,
But the one was Miss Helford, the other Miss
Porter.

They seem'd in a talk that might apathy stir,
But "Wallace!" was all that arrived at my
ear.

The Muse eyed the dames with a favouring
glance, [vance:
As she mark'd them at once upon the area ad-
To this, she exclaim'd, "Here's a garland for
you!" [due,

To that—"To your brow shall the laurel be
For even your prose is to poetry true!
But where is fair Anna Maria, your sister?
Pray, tell her, that here I have sensibly miss'd
her;

And give her a share of this chaplet divine,
Which I've chosen so large with that very
design."

A lady whose gaze ever pointed on high,
Now fixes the notice of every eye;
Her matronly draperies that gracefully flow,
Shine glitteringly, shot with all hues of the
bow—

While the silvery web that the gossamer spun,
Drawn over the vest, trembles bright in the
sun;
Her gem-braided ringlets rich treasure unfold,
As Chilian rushes the sand-grains of gold;
When she came at Calliope's footstool to bend,
The Muse met her less as a judge than a
friend.

"Felicia," she cried, "though so given to
caprice, [Greece;
We can none of us ever forget 'Modern
And your classical lays, fraught with beauty
and truth, [youth."
Have even restored us a 'dream of our
A fame such as yours reflects glory on ours,
And to mark some distinction I snatch'd from
our bowers,
And wove with your garland these 'flowers—
bright flowers.'"

A slow, weighty tread was now heard on the
floor—
'Twas the liveliest genius and heaviest goer,
That ever ascended the steep "hard to
climb,"†—
And gain'd a proud height tow'rd its summit
sublime.

A pillar of clouds seem'd her frame; but a
sun† [nun:
Of brilliance her face, bandaged round like a
Few proofs of her claim to the entrée we find,
It is owned, save that best,—a poetical mind:
Indeed, 'twill be seen that this journey in part,
She made with a view to her favourite art.
Meanwhile the Muse scrupled not to acknow-
ledge [College—
E'en her of La Trappe, and the Port-Royal
(An erudite Hebraist, and scholar profound,
At home both on classic and scriptural ground;)
O'er the badge of the convent that circled her
brow

A fillet she twined from the genuine bough:—
"Oh, rich in the treasures of fancy!" she
cried, [pride,
"Thus our's I confess you, and say it with

* From Mrs. Hemans's charming little poem called
"Flowers."

† Beattie's Minstrel.

‡ It may, perhaps, be allowable just to remark here,
that no one who has the pleasure of a personal acquaint-
ance with Mrs. Schimmelpenninck will deny, that if her
figure, in all its mighty breadth, may challenge some
slight semblance of "deformity," her countenance may
prefer a far more valid claim to be characterized as the
personification of "beauty."

A poet in spirit, if not in the letter,
But if you write rhymes you must versify
better;
The 'Hernhutters' luckily had not your name,
Or I fear we had all of us reddened with
shame."

Thus closing the audience, she turned to
When the votary who seldom her penchant can
smother,

And now came determined to set at defiance
All court etiquette in the service of science,
Made a sudden attempt on Calliope's skull,
Who, once in her life, for a moment was dull
In divining the cause of attack from that
quarter, [ter:—

And prepared to admonish her insolent daugh-
But was pleasingly stopp'd by a flattering
apology

Mixed up with a learned harangue on "Phre-
nology," [reality,
And assured that her head, in the strictest
Develop'd an organ of vast "ideality."

In garment of gingham, and *chapeau de paille*
Deck'd with many a flower of the wood and the
vale;

Her apron of check, of black worsted her hose,
With tippet and mittens for out-of-door
clothes,—

Did sweet Russell Mitford trip up to the Muse;
You might hear, as she trotted, the nails in her
shoes; [gape,

Yet, wond'rous to tell, where her pocket-holes
They discover'd a slip of Italian crape;
And a kind of a gorget yclep'd a "*Foscari*,"
Was clasp'd round the throat of this marvellous
Mary:

'Twas finished with tassels all gilded and gay,
And seem'd, for a cottager's neck, so *outré*,
That it look'd like a present, at first, or a
pillage,— [Village,—

While the garrulous maid told a tale of "Our
Engaging the Muse with most winning rus-
ticity; [plicity,

But, sudden, she doffs her straw-hat of sim-
And throws back her tresses, discovering now,
Not "the peasant's bronzed cheek," but "the
high Dama's brow;"*
Her gingham disguise to the winds she has
flung,

And the accents of tragedy dwell on her tongue;
All this in a moment was charmingly acted,
And soon as the player her part had enacted,
Calliope greeted her smiling and soft,
And said, as she held the bright chaplet aloft,
"What a happy assortment of trappings you've
chosen,—

My sweet little medley of poetry and prose!
If some be too coarse, there are others too fine,
With less, I must tell you, of service than
shine;
And your voice, on the stage, sounds a little
bit hoarse,—
But the garland you'll take as a matter of
course."

A dignified personage, next, from afar
Came, partly by packet, and partly by car;
Her bearing was fitted esteem to inspire,
And a rich Irish poplin her sober attire;
Yet a gay-flowing scarf o'er her shoulder was
seen

Of bright woven floss-work, as emerald green.
'Tis true that the talented Edgeworth of poetry
Can scarcely be reckon'd a regular votary;—
And yet to the auth'ress whose versatile strain
Can fall into numbers, can "poetry explain,"†
The wreath, by the Muse, is decreed to be due,—
A judgment each reader will ratify too.

* Beppe.

† See Miss Edgeworth's "Poetry Explained."

But who is that figure involved in dark stuff
Of buckram so stiff, or of hairbind so rough;
With plaited black bonnet, best down in the
caul,

And lining of drab that draws notice from all?
By a swain, from plain chariot handed, so kind,
Who wears a broad brim, and no buttons
behind?— [the fair,

'Tis Amelia, the newly "convinced" * and
To the haunt of the Muse, who, though fain
to repair [self there.

Without such a guard, could not trust her—
Calliope smiled at the cut of the bonnet,
As she thought how the wreath would look
balancing on it,
And said to herself—"What a marvellous
change!"

I could scarcely recall her in habit so strange:"
Then thus she address'd her, in cordial voice,
"Dear Opie, to see you once more I rejoice;—
I was almost afraid your new way was too
strait

To allow of a turn to this festival gate;
But your 'friends' are less rigid, I think, than
of yore;

For 'tis well known that Barton and two or
three more,
Who, however, as yet, do not court notoriety,
Are not more of the Friends' than the Muses'
society:

I have brought you a garland, and now must
request you [you:—

Just to doff that grim bonnet before I invest
The convert complying, reluctant display'd
Her neat cap of cambric strained over her head,
Which Calliope crown'd, and at parting she
said,— [find,—†

"Go, Amelia beloved, new enjoyments to
But sometimes remember the scenes 'left
behind.'"

Attired in an elegant vesture of white,
While with seed-pearl inwrought her fair
tresses are dight,
The matronly Willson encounter'd publicity
With a graceful display of enchanting sim-
plicity;

To her, and each other such small lady-poet;
To Williams and Gore, and to Conder, and
Howitt;

To Caroline Fry, who had weather'd her doubt,
If she on such enterprise ought to "turn out,"—
And to many another of worthier claim,
Who yet would be shock'd should I mention
her name,

The Muse gave a leaf from the chaplet of fame.

And, ere she departed, she cried with a sigh,
"Ah! where are my favourites, Eliza and
Tighe?"

Eliza, who made of her 'Piercefield' a spot
That in classical memory ne'er is forgot!
And Tighe, who in fancy could soar from the
grove, [to rove!

With immortalized 'Psyche' through æther
Nor, alas! these alone, do I miss from a scene
Where, dwelt they in life, they had earliest
been, [receive

To wait on the Muse that they loved, and
The laurel-wreath worthy of Phœbus to weave;
Yes,—Bowler, and Barbauld, and Taylor
beside,

Might have swell'd the assembly, its grace
and its pride,

Had our festival fallen on earlier tide!"

* This term, and all this detail of certain minute ex-
ternal peculiarities, however obscure to the general
reader, will be quite intelligible to the initiated.

† From Mrs. Opie's elegant stanzas, beginning thus—
"Go, youth beloved, to distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys, to find," &c.

But she later'd not long, for the day was
 nigh done,
 And she'd fix'd to go back in the car of the
 Sun; [coach,
 Which the maids used to reckon the family
 Till Phaeton the rash—to his father's reproach,
 No less than his own ignominious undoing,—
 Drove its fiery wheel in disastrous ruin
 So madly o'er heaven, that the god sore re-
 pent'd
 He had e'er to the fatal entreaty consented,
 And has trusted his chariot since to no guiding
 But his own; even when there's no other to
 ride in;
 Yet sometimes indulgent, still, one of the Nine,
 As now, he'll take up in his progress divine:
 Himself, as he turn'd tow'rd the west, o'er the
 pile, [smile—
 And the train that retired shed a fostering
 So we finish with smiles, as with smiles we
 begin
 The ephemeral course that our ditty has run;
 An innocent critic that smiles all the way,
 Never harsh in its strictures, though harmlessly
 gay; [view
 And pleased that our task is accomplish'd, we
 Its close with a smile, while the reader smiles
 too.
 May, 1827.

REVIEWS CONTINUED.

Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest:
 being an Attempt to Illustrate the First
 Principles of Natural Philosophy by the Aid
 of Popular Toys and Sports. 12mo. 3 vols.
 London, 1827. Longman and Co.



THE design and the execution of this work
 equally meet with our entire approbation. It
 is not a new idea to educe instruction of the
 most useful kind from comparatively trifling
 sports and pastimes; but the manner in which
 this is done is most original, and the steps to
 information and knowledge are made so easy
 and agreeable, that we may say from the
 frontispiece (as copied above), there never
 was a better trap for playfully keeping up the
 ball.

"Tell me, gentle reader (says the author in
 his address), whether thou hast not heard of
 the box of Pandora, which was no sooner
 opened by the unhappy Epimetheus, than it
 gave flight to a troop of malevolent spirits,
 which have ever since tormented the human
 race. BEHOLD!—I here present you with a
 magic casket, containing a GENIUS alone capa-
 ble of counteracting their direful spells. Thou
 mayst, perhaps, say that its aspect but ill ac-
 cords with the richness of its promised treas-
 ure; so appeared the copper vessel found by
 the fisherman, as related in the Arabian tale;
 but, remember, that no sooner had he broken
 its mystic seal, than the imprisoned genius
 spread itself over the ocean and raised its giant
 limbs above the clouds. But this was an evil
 and treacherous spirit; mine is as benevolent
 as he is mighty, and seeks communion with
 our race for no other object than to render
 mortals virtuous and happy. His name is PHI-

LOSOPHY. To be plain, for you must already,
 my young friends, have unriddled my allegory,
 in your progress through life, be not so vain as
 to believe that you will escape the evils with
 which its path is beset. Arm yourselves, there-
 fore, with the talisman that can, at once, de-
 prive adversity of its sting, and prosperity of
 its dangers; for such, believe me, is the rare
 privilege of philosophy. I must now take leave
 of you, for a short time, in order that I may
 address a few words to your parents and pre-
 ceptors; but, as I have no plot to abridge your
 liberties, or lengthen your hours of study, you
 may listen to my address without alarm, and
 to my plan without suspicion. Imagine not,
 however, that I shall recommend the dismissal
 of the cane or the whip; on the contrary, I
 shall insist upon them as necessary and indis-
 pensable instruments for the accomplishment
 of my design. But the method of applying
 them will be changed; with the one I shall
 construct the bow of the kite, with the other I
 shall spin the top. The object of the present
 work is to inculcate that early love of science
 which can never be derived from the sterner
 productions. Youth is naturally addicted to
 amusement, and in this item his expenditure
 too often exceeds his allotted income. I have,
 therefore, taken the liberty to draw a draft
 upon Philosophy, with the full assurance that
 it will be gratefully repaid, with compound in-
 terest, ten years after date."

This quotation so well explains the nature of
 this clever and valuable production, that we need
 only add, on the threshold of our own illustra-
 tion of it, that it is composed in dialogue where
 intelligence and pleasantry are very happily
 blended,* so as first to attract the mind, and
 thence lead it by a chain of links, as lightsome
 as they are strong, to a complete acquaint-
 ance with *Truth* in many, very many, of its
 various forms, and render us services for future
 life, the worth of which can hardly be over-
 estimated. At these dialogues the author is
 present, and puts in a remark occasionally, where
 requisite, and which could not be so well in-
 troduced by any of his *dramatis persone*.—Mr.
 Twaddleton, Major Snapwell, Miss Ryland,
 Mr. Seymour, Tom, &c. But it is unnecessary
 for us to enter further into the scheme and
 character of this excellent work, (than which a
 superior has not yet been devised for the bene-
 fit of youth—teaching science as a pleasure—
 or for the gratification of even the well-in-
 structed, in whom it must revive and impress
 recollection of forgotten things), as our suc-
 ceeding extracts will fully illustrate both, and
 show that our warm praises are most justly
 bestowed. We will commence with the pictu-
 resque portraiture of one who cuts a shining
 figure in the work, Mr. Twaddleton.

"The Rev. Peter Twaddleton, Master of Arts,
 and Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, for
 we must introduce him in due form, was about
 fifty-two years of age, twenty of which he had
 spent at Cambridge, as a resident Fellow of
 Jesus College. He had not possessed the vi-
 carage of Overton above eight or nine years;
 and, although its value never exceeded a hun-
 dred and eighty pounds a year, so limited were
 his wants, and so frugal his habits, that he ge-
 nerally contrived to save a considerable portion
 of his income, in order that he might devote
 it to purposes of charity and benevolence: but
 his charity was not merely of the hand, but of

the heart; distress was unknown in his vil-
 lage; he fed the hungry, nursed the sick, and
 cheered the unfortunate. His long collegiate
 residence had imparted to his mind several pec-
 uliar traits, and a certain stiffness of address
 and quaintness of manner which at once dis-
 tinguish the recluse from the man of the world;
 in short, as Shakespeare expresses it, 'he was
 not hackneyed in the ways of men.' His face
 was certainly the very reverse to everything that
 could be considered 'good-looking,' and yet,
 when he smiled, there was an animation that re-
 deemed the irregularity of his angular features;
 so benevolent was the expression of his counte-
 nance, that it was impossible not to feel that
 sentiment of respect and admiration which
 the presence of a superior person is wont to
 inspire: but his superiority was rather that
 of the heart than of the head; not that we
 would insinuate any deficiency in intellect, but
 that his moral excellences were so transcen-
 dent as to throw into the shade all those mental
 qualities which he possessed in common with
 the world. He entertained a singular aversion
 to the mathematics, a prejudice which we are
 inclined to refer to his disappointment in the
 senate-house; for, although he was what is
 termed at Cambridge a 'reading man,' after
 all his exertions he only succeeded in obtaining
 the 'wooden spoon,' an honour which devolves
 upon the last of the 'junior optimes.' Whether
 this arose from any defect in his *bump of num-
 bers*, we are really unable to state, never having
 had an opportunity of verifying our suspicions
 by a manual examination of his cranium. He
 was, however, well read in the classics, and so
 devoted to the works of Virgil, that he never
 lost an opportunity of quoting his favourite
 poet; and it must be admitted, that, although
 these quotations so generally pervaded his con-
 versation as to become irksome, they were often
 apposite, and sometimes even witty. He had
 a happy knack of applying passages in a sense
 of which the poet could never have dreamt, and
 yet so pertinently, that it really appeared as if
 they had been intended for the occasions on
 which they were cited: but notwithstanding the
 delight which he experienced in a *lusus
 verborum* in the Latin language, of such contra-
 dictory materials was he composed, that his
 antipathy to an English pun was so extrava-
 gant as to be truly ridiculous. This peculiarity
 has been attributed, but we speak merely from
 common report, to a disgust which he con-
 tracted for this species of spurious wit, during
 his frequent intercourse with the Johnians, a
 race of students who have, from time immem-
 orial, been identified with the most prodigal
 class of punsters. Be this, however, as it may,
 we are inclined to believe that a person who
 resides much amongst those who are addicted
 to this *vice*, unless he quickly takes the infec-
 tion, acquires a sort of constitutional insuscep-
 tibility, like nurses, who pass their lives in
 infected apartments with perfect safety and im-
 punity. His favourite, and we might add his
 only pursuit, beyond the circle of his profession,
 was the study of antiquities. He was, as we
 have already stated, a Fellow of the Society of
 Antiquaries; had collected a very tolerable series
 of ancient coins, and possessed sufficient critical
 acumen to distinguish between Attic *argus*, and
 the spurious *cordure* of the modern counterfeit.
 Often had he undertaken an expedition of a
 hundred miles to inspect the interior of an
 ancient barrow, or to examine the mouldering
 fragments of some newly discovered monument;
 indeed, like the connoisseur in cheese, blue-
 mould and decay were the favourite objects of
 his taste, and the sure passports to his favour;

* It is precisely on such a plan that we try to produce
 our *Literary Gazette*: to mix the sweet and useful, as
 Homer, or some other great author says (*utile dulci*), and so
 to entertain the young while we gratify the learned, and to
 inform all classes and every age!—*From the Dev.*

for he despised all living testimony, but that of worms and maggots. A coin with the head of a living sovereign passed through his hands with as little resistance as water through a sieve; but he grasped the head of an Antonine or Otho with insatiable and relentless avarice. Mr. Twaddleton's figure exceeded the middle stature, and was so extremely slender as to give him the air and appearance of a very tall man. He was usually dressed in an old-fashioned suit of black cloth, consisting of a single-breasted coat, with a standing collar, and deep cuffs, and a flapped waistcoat; but so awkwardly did these vestments conform with the contour of his person, that we might have supposed them the production of those Laputan tailors who wrought by mathematical principles, and held in sovereign contempt the illiterate fashioners who deemed it necessary to measure the forms of their customers; although it was whispered by some of the loquacious spinsters in the village that the aforesaid mathematical artists were better acquainted with the angles of the Seven Dials, than with the squares of the west end. They farther surmised, that the vicar's annual journey to London, which in truth was undertaken with no other object than that of attending the anniversary of the Society of Antiquaries, on Saint George's day, was for the laudable purpose of recruiting his wardrobe. If the coat, with its straggling and disproportioned suburbs, possessed an amplitude of dimensions which ill accorded with the slender wants of his person, this misapplied liberality was more than compensated by the rigid economy exhibited in the *netter* part of his costume, which evidently had not been designed by a contemporary architect: that vestment which is never alluded to in polished society but through the medium of ingenious circumlocution, stuck as closely to the part it was destined to protect, and as faithfully represented it, as the most zealous member ever adhered to the interests of an independent borough. Not so his shoes, which, for the accommodation of those unwelcome parasites, vulgarly called *corns*, were constructed in the form of a battledore, and displayed such an unbecoming quantity of leather, that, as Ned Hopkins, a subaltern wit of the village ale-house, observed, 'however economical their parson might appear, he was undoubtedly supported in extravagance.' In a village like Overton, where there resided no less than seven discontented old maids, this joke against the vicar's *understanding* was not likely to be lost; nor did the natural association between tithes and '*corn-bags*' escape the observation of Hopkins, but was repeated with various other allusions of equal piquancy, to the no small annoyance of the reverend gentleman, and, as he declared, to the disparagement of his cloth. And it may be here observed, that the aforesaid vestals had long proclaimed open rebellion against their worthy priest; his manners, they asserted, were coarse and vulgar, his habits morose and unsocial, and his sermons mere chip and porridge; but the true cause of this inveteracy sprang from a deeper and more secret source; he had inveighed, in terms of bitter sarcasm, against the uncharitable practice of backbiting; his liberality was considered as a reflection upon their penuriousness; and his merited popularity in the village, as a detraction from their own assumed consequence. Miss Kitty Ryland had, moreover, if fame spoke the truth, a still more powerful motive for her hatred—*Spretia injuria forme*, as Mr. Twaddleton would have doubtless expressed it, had he ever alluded to the affair; but to his credit be it recorded, that he

was never heard to throw out the slightest insinuation upon the subject. Nor did he condescend to notice, nor indeed appear conscious of the meaning of the various innuendoes in which Mr. Seymour, with his accustomed pleasantry, would frequently indulge. On one of these occasions he placed a tall casket of sugar before the vicar, observing, that it looked very sweet at the squat *vinegar* bottle that stood near it. It was admitted by those who were acquainted with the personages, thus represented, that the similitude, as far as it went, was perfect. The worthy vicar was, in truth, a tall casket, brimful of every thing that was sweet; and it must be acknowledged, that Miss Kitty, who was a little squat figure, might with equal propriety be said to contain no small quantity of *acid*, which her age had not mellowed. The vicar, however, appeared insensible to the joke, although Mrs. Seymour maintained that this expressive pantomime was not lost upon him; for she had observed a cloud pass over his brow, as he hastily pushed away the sugar, and substituted the pepper castor in its place. We are inclined to coincide with Mrs. Seymour in her opinion; and, if the affair has been correctly reported, it will add much probability to the conjecture; for, it is said that, upon some conference of the vicar with Miss Kitty, the artless lady misconstrued a passing expression of friendly kindness into a declaration of a more tender nature, and accordingly breathed in soft accents her ready compliance,—which so astonished, offended, and incensed our hero, that his indications of indignation amounted to something very like fury; and the squat *vinegar* bottle found, to her dismay, that she had been ogling a castor which contained pepper instead of sugar."

Our hero appears to great advantage on a subsequent page, in the shape of a wood-cut; and his appearance, shooting his taw, it must be confessed, would do honour to Dr. Syntax, of famous memory, though perhaps his quota of fun is rather superabundant, in comparison with his quota of intelligence. The tail of a kite furnishes us with a whimsical sample of the work.

"By a suitable division of labour, it was arranged that Mrs. Seymour should cut the paper, the vicar fold it, and Mr. Seymour tie it on the string. 'How long ought the tail to be?' asked Tom. 'And of what shape should the papers be cut?' inquired Louisa. 'And at what distances are they to be placed from each other on the string?' said Mrs. Seymour. 'I will answer all your queries,' replied the father, 'by giving you a dissertation upon this part of our machine.' 'We shall now have an harangue,' exclaimed the vicar, 'as long as the tail itself; but pray proceed.' 'The tail should never be less than twelve, and should it even amount to twenty times the length of the kite, its appearance in the air will be more graceful; this, however, must be regulated by the weight of the string, and by the length and thickness of the pieces of paper of which the tail is composed. The length of each ought to be about three inches and a quarter, and an inch and a half in breadth, and it should be folded four times longitudinally; each of these *bobs*, as they are called, must be placed at regular intervals of three inches.' 'And with respect to the size of the wings?' asked the vicar. 'I should not recommend any wings: if the kite be well made, there cannot be any advantage from such appendages. Having now answered your several questions, let us proceed with our work.' 'But where is the paper?' asked Mrs. Sey-

mour. 'Apropos,' answered her husband; 'the box in which the London toys were packed contains a quantity that will answer our purpose.' The box was accordingly placed on the table. 'Why, what a most extraordinary miscellany!' cried the vicar; 'an *olla podrida* in the very first style of extravagance. I perceive,' added he, as his inquiring eyes glanced from sheet to sheet, 'we have here a fragment of almost every description of literary and scientific works.' 'The market,' observed Mr. Seymour, 'is supplied with waste paper from the catacombs of Paternoster Row, which may be truly said to level all earthly distinctions.' Without intending any offence by a pun, my good vicar, what a *tale* will this box unfold! I never open a magazine of this waste paper without feeling a deep sympathy for the melancholy fate of authors: to see the strange transmigrations, and vile purposes, to which their works are destined, is really heart-rending. That the *lights* of science should be consigned to the tallow-chandler! the works of the moralist, so well calculated to purify the world, to the soap-seller! that such a book as 'Laennec on the *Chest*,' with Dr. Forbes's valuable *Cases* in the bargain, should be packed off to the *trunk-maker*! are events which cannot fail to furnish food for melancholy reflection. Nay, more, I have myself (can you believe it, Mr. Twaddleton?) actually received a quantity of *uric* acid in a Review of Dr. Thomson's Chemistry! and I only yesterday learned, with horror, that a piece of fat bacon was positively wrapped up in a page of 'Paris on Diet;' while a Cheshire cheese came encased in Kitchiner's 'Chart of the Moon.' 'Oh, shameful! shameful!' exclaimed the vicar: 'but I can assure you, that this unfeeling conduct of the publisher had not escaped my notice and indignation; for I lately received a work against the slave-trade, in the fragment of a tract on 'the Progress of Cant;' and a copy of Irving's Oration, in an act of 'Much Ado about Nothing;' and, what was still worse, continued the reverend divine, 'a little work on the Art of Prognosticating the Weather was forwarded to me in a chapter of *Daniel's Prophecies*.' 'These publishers must be exposed and punished, my dear Mr. Twaddleton: it would really be no more than a just retribution, were we authors to raise a fund, in order to purchase their works, and then to consign them to the flames.' 'Why, truly, such a scheme would be classical; to consume the dead on the pile, instead of consigning them to the catacombs,' replied the vicar. 'But let us quit these melancholy reflections for the present, and proceed with our occupation.' 'If you compose the tail of your kite with these papers,' said the vicar, 'it will certainly vie with that of Scriblerus himself; you will have a knot of divinity,—a knot of physics,—a knot of logic,—a knot of philosophy,—a knot of poetry,—and a knot of history.' 'Never mind, my dear sir; you well know that I am no gamester, but yet, upon this occasion, will I wager an edition of Virgil, that I shall be able to discover in each page, with which you may present me, some apposite allusion to the tail, of which it is to form a part.' 'Apposite allusion! impossible; as well might you attempt to connect the scattered leaves of the Sibyl: for example, here is an epitome of the Roman History.' 'Very well,' said Mr. Seymour, 'and pray is not that *curtail*?' The vicar dropped the paper in dismay; the treacherous design of his friend now, for the first time, flashed across his brain with a painful

conviction, and he hastily retreated to a distant corner of the library, in order that he might find shelter from the pelting of a pitiless storm of puns, which he saw, too clearly, was about to burst on his devoted head. On the vicar's retiring from the table, Mrs. Seymour approached the fatal box, observing, 'that it was now her turn to explore the Sibylline cave.' 'Here,' said she, 'is a list of the prices of some newly published works.' 'That,' replied her husband, as he cast a sly glance at the vicar, 'is retail; pray, proceed.' 'We have next, I perceive, a prospectus for publishing all the speeches in the late parliament.' 'That is detail.' Here a deep groan from Mr. Twaddleton arrested the progress of the proceedings, and threw the whole party into a continued fit of laughter. As soon as tranquillity was restored, Mrs. Seymour again dipped her hand into the box, and drew forth the fragments of a work on Real Property. 'That,' said Mr. Seymour, 'is entail; pray, cut it off, and give it to me.' 'We have here,' continued the lady, 'the Memoirs of an Italian Bandit.' 'Then prepare him for his fate; I have a noose quite ready for his reception.' 'Here is a poem entitled Waterloo.' 'I will patronise it,' said her husband; 'and I warrant you that, under my auspices, the muse will soar to a greater height than she ever could otherwise have attained.' Thus did Mr. and Mrs. Seymour proceed; the one cutting paper, the other cutting jokes; nor did the former cease stringing puns, until he had finished stringing the tale. 'I must now conclude by making a knot that shall not be in danger of becoming untied in the breeze,' said Mr. Seymour; 'but stop, stop one moment; I still require one more piece of paper to complete my task, and let it be double.' 'Here, then, is a piece of paper, which, from its texture, appears to be well adapted to your purpose. Let me see, what is it?' 'I declare, it is the title-page of an Essay on Matrimony.' 'Capital!' cried her husband; 'a strange coincidence, truly; you have, indeed, furnished me with a knot that cannot be easily untied, however stiff may be the breeze; hand it over to me, for it will afford a very legitimate finish, and is generally the conclusion of every tale; but where is the vicar? What, ho! Mr. Twaddleton.' The reverend gentleman had so contrived to conceal his person in the corner of the room, behind a large folio which he had placed on a desk before him, that several moments elapsed before he was discovered; at length, however, a long-drawn sigh betrayed him in his retreat. 'Upon my word,' exclaimed he, as he pushed aside the huge folio, 'your volatility, Mr. Seymour, is wholly inconsistent with the character of a scientific instructor.' 'But, at present,' replied Mr. Seymour, 'I am engaged as the manufacturer of a kite's tail; and, surely, *flightiness* ought not, upon such an occasion, to be urged to my disparagement: but honestly confess that I have fairly redeemed my pledge.' 'Well, well; say no more upon the subject; be silent, and I will acknowledge myself your debtor.'

*Est et fidelis tuta silentio
Merces.*

as Horace has it.' 'And you are already beginning to pay me off in instalments,' said Mr. Seymour, 'drawn as usual upon the classic banks of the Tiber.' The party, shortly after this discussion, separated: Mr. Seymour retired to his own room: the vicar proceeded to the church to bury a patient of Dossell's; and the children ran into the garden to enjoy their rural sports.

A capital riddle on the air is worth quoting for its excellence, but it would not display the fashion of Philosophy in Sport, &c. so much as the following extract, for which only we have room, even in a double Number: it shall refer to one of the simplest of children's toys, and the philosophy of the spinning a top shall be for the first time explained.

'Mr. Seymour and Mr. Twaddleton now joined the children. 'I rejoice to find you at so classical a pastime,' said the vicar, as he approached Tom, who was busily engaged in spinning his top. 'The top, my boy, is a subject which the great Mantuan had did not consider beneath the patronage of his muse: but, hey-day! this is not the *volitans sub verberibus turbo* of the immortal Virgil: the top of antiquity was the whip-top, the peg-top is a barbarous innovation of modern times; a practical proof of the degeneracy of the race. Even boys, forsooth, must now-a-days have their activity cramped by inventions to supersede labour: well may we regard the weapons which our sturdy ancestors wielded, as instruments rather calculated for giants than men, if such pains be taken to instil into the minds of youth the mischievous spirit of idleness.' 'My dear sir,' said Tom, who was always grieved at displeasing the vicar, 'if it will gratify you, I will spin my whip-top, for I have an excellent one which my papa has lately given me.' 'Well said! my dear boy. *Puer bona spe!*—What a pity would it be to damp so noble a spirit; get your whip-top.' Tom accordingly placed the Virgilian top upon the ground, and as the boy plied the whip, so did the vicar lash the air with his quotation; running round the top in apparent ecstasy, while he repeated the well-known lines from the seventh Æneid:—

*Ille actus habens
Curvatis fertur spatulis: stupet inscia turba:
Impubesque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
Dant animos plangere.**

As Mr. Twaddleton thus gave vent to that fervour which was ever kindled by collision with Virgil, Tom gave motion to his top, which swaggered about with such an air of self-importance, that, to the eye of fancy, it might have appeared as if proudly conscious of the encomiums that had been so liberally lavished upon it. 'The Grecian boys, as Suidas informs us, played also with this top,' continued the vicar. 'And pray, may I ask,' said Mr. Seymour, 'whether it was not introduced into this country by the Romans?' 'Probably,' replied the vicar. 'Figures representing boys in the act of whipping their tops first appear in the marginal paintings of the manuscripts of the fourteenth century; at which period, the form of the toy was the same as it is at present, and the manner of impelling it by the whip can admit of but little if any difference. In a manuscript, at the British Museum, I have read a very curious anecdote which refers to Prince Henry, the eldest son of James the First; with your permission I will relate it to you.' Here the vicar extracted a memorandum-book from his pocket, from which he read the following note:—'The first time that he, the prince, went to the town of Sterling to meet the king, seeing a little without the gate of the town a stack of corn, in proportion not unlike to a topp, wherewith he used to play, he said to some that were with him, 'Loe there is a goodly topp: whereupon one of them saying, 'Why do you not play with it then?' he answered,

** The wooden engine flies and whirrs about.
Admired, with clamours, of the heedless rout;
They lash aloud; each other they provoke,
And lead their little souls at every stroke.—Dryden.*

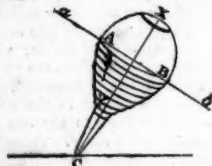
'Set you it up for me, and I will play with it.' 'Was not that a clever retort of the young prince?' said the vicar, as he returned the manuscript into his memorandum-book; 'and I think it must have confounded the courtier who could have asked so silly a question?' 'Well, Tom,' said Mr. Seymour, 'let us see whether you can set up your own top, so that it shall stand steadily on its point.' 'I have often tried that experiment,' answered Tom, 'but could never succeed in keeping the line of direction within its narrow base.' 'And yet, when in rotatory motion, its erect position is maintained without difficulty; how is that?' 'Is it not owing to the centrifugal force?' asked Tom. 'Undoubtedly; but as the subject is highly interesting, I will endeavour to explain it more fully. You must, however, first obtain permission from the vicar to spin your humming-top, for that will better illustrate the phenomena which it is my wish to examine.' 'If your object is the exercise of the body, let us spin the whip-top,' replied the vicar; 'but if you wish to exercise the boy's mind, I cannot object to your selecting the top best calculated to fulfil that desire.' Tom having accordingly prepared his top, pulled the string, and set the wooden machine spinning on the floor. 'Now, Tom, I will explain to you the reason of the top being able to sustain its vertical position. You have already learned, from the action of the sling, that a body cannot move in a circular path, without making an effort to fly off in a right line from the centre; so that, if a body be affixed to a string, and whirled round by the hand, it will stretch it, and in a greater degree according as the circular motion is more rapid.' 'Certainly,' said Tom. 'The top, then, being in motion, all its parts tend to recede from the axis, and with greater force the more rapidly it revolves: hence it follows that these parts are like so many powers acting in a direction perpendicular to the axis; but as they are all equal, and as they pass all round with rapidity by the rotation, the result must be that the top is in equilibrio on its point of support, or on the extremity of the axis on which it turns. But see, your top is down.' 'And what is the reason,' asked Tom, 'of its motion being stopped?' 'I can answer that question, papa,' said Louisa; 'is it not owing to the friction of the ground?' 'Certainly; that has, doubtless, its influence: but the resistance of the air is also a powerful force upon this occasion. A top has been made to spin in vacuo as long as 2 h. 16'. But come, Tom, spin your top once more. Observe,' exclaimed Mr. Seymour, 'how obliquely the top is spinning. It is now gradually rising out of an oblique position;—now it is steadily spinning on a vertical axis;—and now its motion is so steady, that it scarcely seems to move.' 'It is sleeping, as we call it,' said Tom. 'Its centre of gravity is now situated perpendicularly over its point of rotation: but attend to me,' continued Mr. Seymour, 'for I am about to attempt the explanation of a phenomenon which has puzzled many older and wiser philosophers than yourselves. It is evident that the top, in rising from an oblique to a vertical position, must have its centre of gravity raised; what can have been the force which effected this change?' 'Was it the centrifugal force?' asked Tom. 'Certainly not,' said Mr. Seymour, 'as I will presently convince you.' 'Then it must have been the resistance of the air,' said Louisa. 'No; nor was it the resistance of the air,' replied her father; 'for the same effect takes place in vacuo.' 'Then pray inform us, by

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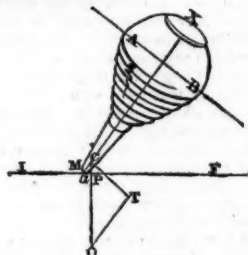
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what means the top was raised.' 'It entirely depended upon the form of the extremity of the peg, and not upon any simple effect connected with the rotatory or centrifugal force of the top. I will first satisfy you, that were the peg to terminate in a fine point, the top never could raise itself. Let ABC be a top spinning in an oblique position, having the end of the peg, on which it spins, brought to a fine point. It will continue to spin in the direction in which it reaches



the ground, without the least tendency to rise into a more vertical position; and it is by its rotatory or centrifugal force that it is kept in this original position: for if we conceive the top divided into two equal parts, A and B , by the line XC , and suppose that at any moment during its spinning, the connexion between these two parts were suddenly dissolved, then would the part A fly off with the given force in the direction a , and the part B with an equal force in the direction b ; whilst, therefore, these two parts remain connected together, during the spinning of the top, these two equal and opposite forces A and B will balance each other, and the top will continue to spin on its original axis. Having now shewn that the rotatory or centrifugal force can never make the top rise from an oblique to a vertical position, I shall proceed to explain the true cause of this change, and I trust you will be satisfied that it depends upon the bluntness of the point. Let ABC be a top spinning in an oblique position, terminating in a very short point with a hemispherical shoulder PM . It is evident that, in this case, the top will not spin upon a , the end of the true axis XC , but upon r , a point in the circle PM , to which the floor EF is a tangent. Instead, therefore, of revolving upon a fixed and stationary point, the top will roll round



upon the small circle PM on its blunt point, with very considerable friction, the force of which may be represented by a line OP at right angles to the floor EF , and to the spherical end of the peg of the top: now it is the action of this force, by its pressure on one side of the blunt point of the top, which causes it to rise in a vertical direction. Produce the line OP till it meets the axis C ; from the point C draw the line CT perpendicular to the axis AX , and TO parallel to it: and then, by a resolution of forces, the line TC will represent that part of the friction which presses at right angles to the axis, so as gradually to raise it in a vertical position; in which operation the circle PM gradually diminishes by the approach of the point r to a , as the axis becomes more perpendicular, and vanishes when the point r coincides with the point a , that is to say, when the top has arrived at its vertical position, where it will continue to sleep, without much friction, or any other disturbing force, until its rotatory motion fails, and its side is brought to the earth by the force of gravity."

If these quotations do not prove that by this very able, very amusing, and very scientific publication, Philosophy in Sport is indeed made Science in Earnest, then have we lost our insight into Philosophy, our love for Sport, and our skill in Science; and may be considered as represented below,



"All things by turns,"

and nothing long: which Heaven forbids so long as the Literary Gazette is in existence!!

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French. With a Preliminary View of the French Revolution. By the Author of Waverley, &c. 9 volumes, pp. 3940. London, Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, Cadell and Co. 1827.

THIS work is published to-day. It is not, therefore, our purpose to review and criticise it; but, as a production which excites very great popular curiosity, to describe and illustrate it, as far as we possibly can do so to nearly four thousand pages, within the limits of a journal like the *Literary Gazette*.

The first two volumes contain a View of the French Revolution; it was from this portion that the extracts which have appeared in our columns, (copied by us from an American periodical,) were taken. The work opens with a *coup d'œil* over the various powers and interests of Europe after the peace of Versailles in 1783. The state of Spain, Prussia, Russia, France, and England, is set forth; and the imprudent innovations of the Emperor Joseph, which led to the disturbances in his dominions, are commented upon with much discrimination. France now occupies the author's attention:—the decay of her ancient monarchy—the condition of her nobles and clergy—and the collision between the lower orders rising in importance, and the higher orders opposing them with obsolete privileges, are described. The effects of the new philosophy, and the pernicious influence of the press, are then considered; as well as the impulse given to the cause of reform by the return of the military from the American war. But most of the proximate causes of the revolution are too well known to general readers, and most of the horrible events to which they led are too recent, to require of us to be very particular on these topics. The first volume ends with the Duke of Brunswick's memorable manifesto, and an account of its injurious operation against the king by identifying his cause in the popular mind with that of the invaders, and as diametrically opposed to that of the country, which the assembly declared to be in danger. To this follows the famous tenth of August, and the massacre of the Swiss guards. The Jacobin triumvirate, Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, obtained their dreadful supremacy. They are thus characterized:—

"Danton deserves to be named first, as unrivalled by his colleagues in talent and audacity. He was a man of gigantic size, and possessed a voice of thunder. His countenance was that of an Ogre on the shoulders of a Hercules. He was as fond of the pleasures of vice as of the practice of cruelty; and it was said, there were times when he became humanised amidst his debauchery, laughed at the terror which his furious declamations excited, and might be approached with safety, like the Maelstrom at the turn of tide. His profusion was indulged to an extent hazardous to his popularity, for the populace are jealous of a lavish expenditure, as raising their favourites too much above their own degree; and the charge of peculation finds always ready credit with them, when brought against public men. Robespierre possessed this advantage over Danton, that he did not seem to seek for wealth, either for hoarding or expending, but lived in strict and economical retirement, to justify the name of the Incorruptible, with which he was honoured by his partisans. He appears to have possessed little talent, saving a deep fund of hypocrisy, considerable powers of sophistry, and a cold exaggerated strain of oratory, as foreign to good

taste, as the measures he recommended were to ordinary humanity. It seemed wonderful, that even the seething and boiling of the revolutionary cauldron should have sent up from the bottom, and long supported on the surface, a thing so miserably void of claims to public distinction; but Robespierre had to impose on the minds of the vulgar, and he knew how to beguile them, by accommodating his flattery to their passions and scale of understanding, and by acts of cunning and hypocrisy, which weigh more with the multitude than the words of eloquence, or the arguments of wisdom. The people listened as to their Cicero, when he twanged out his apostrophes of *pauvre peuple, peuple vertueux!* and hastened to execute whatever came recommended by such honied phrases, though devised by the worst of men for the worst and most inhuman of purposes. Vanity was Robespierre's ruling passion; and though his countenance was the image of his mind, he was vain even of his personal appearance, and never adopted the external habits of a sans culotte. Amongst his fellow Jacobins, he was distinguished by the nicety with which his hair was arranged and powdered; and the neatness of his dress was carefully attended to, so as to counterbalance, if possible, the vulgarity of his person. His apartments, though small, were elegant, and vanity had filled them with representations of the occupant. Robespierre's picture at length hung in one place, his miniature in another, his bust occupied a niche, and on the table were disposed a few medallions, exhibiting his head in profile. The vanity which all this indicated was of the coldest and most selfish character, being such as considers neglect as insult, and receives homage merely as a tribute; so that, while praise is received without gratitude, it is withheld at the risk of mortal hate. Self-love of this dangerous character is closely allied with envy, and Robespierre was one of the most envious and vindictive men that ever lived. He never was known to pardon any opposition, affront, or even rivalry; and to be marked in his tablets on such an account was a sure, though perhaps not an immediate, sentence of death. Danton was a hero, compared with this cold, calculating, creeping miscreant; for his passions, though exaggerated, had at least some touch of humanity, and his brutal ferocity was touched by brutal courage. Robespierre was a coward, who signed death-warrants with a hand that shook, though his heart was relentless. He possessed no passions on which to charge his crimes; they were perpetrated in cold blood, and upon mature deliberation. Marat, the third of this infernal triumvirate, had attracted the attention of the lower orders by the violence of his sentiments in the journal which he conducted from the commencement of the Revolution, upon such principles that it took the lead in forwarding its successive changes. His political exhortations began and ended like the howl of a blood-hound for murder; or, if a wolf could have written a journal, the gaunt and famished wretch could not have ravened more eagerly for slaughter. It was blood which was Marat's constant demand, not in drops from the breast of an individual, not in puny streams from the slaughter of families, but blood in the profusion of an ocean. His usual calculation of the heads which he demanded amounted to two hundred and sixty thousand; and though he sometimes raised it as high as three hundred thousand, it never fell beneath the smaller number. It may be hoped, and, for the honour of human nature, we are inclined to believe, there was a

touch of insanity in this unnatural strain of ferocity; and the wild and squalid features of the wretch appear to have intimated a degree of alienation of mind. Marat was, like Robespierre, a coward. Repeatedly denounced in the assembly, he skulked instead of defending himself, and lay concealed in some obscure garret or cellar among his cut-throats, until a storm appeared, when, like a bird of ill omen, his death-screach was again heard. Such was the strange and fatal triumvirate, in which the same degree of cannibal cruelty existed under different aspects. Danton murdered to glut his rage; Robespierre, to avenge his injured vanity, or to remove a rival whom he envied; Marat, from the same instinctive love of blood which induces a wolf to continue his ravage of the flocks long after his hunger is appeased."

It was under these hell-bounds that the massacre of prisoners in Paris took place: it was a massacre in cold blood, of the defenceless, which lasted four days—from the 2d to the 6th of September. The execution of Louis and his queen, and the utter overthrow of the Gironde party, occupy in detail a large portion of this volume, but do not require to be dwelt upon. The movements of the revolutionary spirit in England (1793, 4, and 5,) are also marked with historical truth. A brief specimen of this judgment may be exhibited.

"The French, whether in their individual or collective capacities, have been always desirous to take the lead among European nations, and to be considered as the foremost member of the civilised republic. In almost all her vicissitudes, France has addressed herself as much to the citizens of other countries as to those of her own; and it was thus, that in the speeches of her statesmen, invitations were thrown out to the subjects of other states, to imitate the example of the Republic, cast away the rubbish of their old institutions, dethrone their kings, demolish their nobility, divide the lands of the church and the aristocracy among the lower classes, and arise a free and regenerated people. In Britain, as elsewhere, these doctrines carried a fascinating sound; for Britain as well as France had men of parts, who thought themselves neglected,—men of merit, who conceived themselves oppressed,—experimentalists, who would willingly put the laws in their revolutionary crucible,—and men desirous of novelties in the church and in the state, either from the eagerness of restless curiosity, or the hopes of bettering by the change. Above all, Britain had a far too ample mass of poverty and ignorance, subject always to be acted upon by the hope of license. Affiliated societies were formed in almost all the towns of Great Britain. They corresponded with each other, held very high and intimidating language, and seemed to frame themselves on the French model. They addressed the National Convention of France directly in the name of their own bodies, and of societies united for the same purpose; and congratulated them on their freedom, and on the manner in which they had gained it, with many a broad hint that their example would not be lost on Britain. The persons who composed these societies had, generally speaking, little pretension to rank or influence; and though they contained some men of considerable parts, there was a deficiency of any thing like weight or respectability in their meetings. Their consequence lay chiefly in the numbers who were likely to be influenced by their arguments; and these were extraordinarily great, especially in large towns, and in the manufacturing districts. That state of things began to

take place in Britain, which had preceded the French Revolution; but the British aristocracy, well cemented together, and possessing great weight in the state, took the alarm sooner, and adopted precautions more effectual, than had been thought of in France. They associated together in political unions on their side, and, by the weight of influence, character, and fortune, soon obtained a superiority which made it dangerous, or at least inconvenient, to many whose situations in society rendered them in some degree dependent upon the favour of the aristocracy, to dissent violently from their opinions. The political Shibboleth used by these associations was a renunciation of the doctrines of the French Revolution; and they have been reproached that this abhorrence was expressed by some of them in terms so strong, as if designed to withhold the subscribers from attempting any reformation in their own government, even by the most constitutional means. In short, while the democratical party made in their clubs the most violent and furious speeches against the aristocrats, the others became doubly prejudiced against reform of every description, and all who attempted to assert its propriety. After all, had this political ferment broke out in Britain at any other period, or on any other occasion, it would have probably passed away like other heart-burnings of the same description, which interest for a time, but weary out the public attention, and are laid aside and forgotten. But the French Revolution blazed in the neighbourhood like a beacon of hope to the one party, of fear and caution to the other. The shouts of the democratic triumphs—the foul means by which their successes were obtained, and the cruel use which was made of them, increased the animosity of both parties in England. In the fury of party zeal, the democrats excused many of the excesses of the French Revolution, in respect of its tendency; while the other party, in condemning the whole Revolution, both root and branch, forgot that, after all, the struggle of the French nation to recover their liberty, was, in its commencement, not only justifiable, but laudable."

The author asserts that Mr. Pitt was forced unwillingly into the war. The governors of France at this period were the Committee of Public Safety, whom the author well describes, (page 280, &c.) We remember to have seen an able pamphlet of the time, in which their portraits were drawn as "the twelve Apostles of France." It was in a lower committee ("of Public Security") that David the painter, of late be-mournd, used to say, "let us grind enough of the red," when sitting down to the butcheries of the day! At length Marat was poniarded; Danton fell before Robespierre; Robespierre himself and his Jacobin adherents were destroyed,—and Paris assumed another colour. In the meanwhile the arms of France had been almost every where victorious.

"Since those strange scenes had commenced, France had lost her king and nobles, her church and clergy, her judges, courts, and magistrates, her colonies and commerce. The greater part of her statesmen and men of note had perished by proscription, and her orators' eloquence had been cut short by the guillotine. She had no finances; the bonds of civil society seem to have retained their influence from habit only. The nation possessed only one powerful engine, which France called her own, and one impulsive power to guide it;—these were her army and her ambition. She resembled a person in the delirium of a fever, who has stripped himself in his frenzy of all decent and necessary

clothing, and retains in his hand only a bloody sword; while those who have endeavoured to check his fury lie subdued around him. Never had so many great events successively taken place in a nation, without affording something like a fixed or determined result, either already attained, or soon to be expected. Again and again did reflecting men say to each other,—This unheard-of state of things, in which all seems to be temporary and revolutionary, will not, cannot last; and especially after the fall of Robespierre, it seemed that some change was approaching. Those who had achieved that work did not hold on any terms of security the temporary power which it had procured them. They retained their influence by means of the jealousy of two extreme parties, than from any confidence reposed in themselves. Those who had suffered so deeply under the rule of the revolutionary government, must have looked with suspicion on the Thermidorians as regular Jacobins, who had shared all the excesses of the period of Terror, and now employed their power in protecting the perpetrators. On the other hand, those of the Revolutionists who yet continued in the bond of Jacobin fraternity, could not forgive Tallien and Barras the silencing the Jacobin clubs, the exiling Collet d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes, putting to death many other patriots, and totally crushing the system of revolutionary government. In fact, if the thorough-bred Revolutionists still endured the domination of Tallien and Barras, it was only because it shielded them from the reaction or retributive measures threatened by the moderate party. Matters, it was thought, could not remain in this uncertain state, nor was the present temporary pageant of government likely to linger long on the scene. But by whom was that scene next to be opened? Would a late returning to ancient opinions induce a people, who had suffered so much through innovation, to recall, either absolutely, or upon conditions, the banished race of her ancient princes? Or would a new band of Revolutionists be permitted by Heaven, in its continued vengeance, to rush upon the stage? Would the supreme power become the prize of some soldier as daring as Caesar, or some intriguing statesman as artful as Octavius? Would France succumb beneath a Cromwell or a Monk, or again be ruled by a cabal of hackneyed statesmen, or an institute of theoretical philosophy, or an anarchical club of Jacobins? These were reflections which occupied all bosoms. But the hand of Fate was on the curtain, and about to bring the scene to light."

Napoleon Buonaparte appeared upon the scene; and at the commencement of his third volume, Sir Walter sets out with his birth, parentage, and education. "Charles Buonaparte, the father of Napoleon, died at the age of about forty years, of an ulcer in the stomach, on the 24th February, 1735. His celebrated son fell a victim to the same disease. During Napoleon's grandeur, the community of Montpellier expressed a desire to erect a monument to the memory of Charles Buonaparte. His answer was both sensible and in good taste. 'Had I lost my father yesterday,' he said, 'it would be natural to pay his memory some mark of respect consistent with my present situation. But it is twenty years since the event, and it is one in which the public can take no concern. Let us leave the dead in peace.'

"The young Napoleon (continues our author) had, of course, the simple and hardly education proper to the natives of the moun-

tainous island of his birth, and in his infancy was not remarkable for more than that animation of temper, and wilfulness and impatience of inactivity, by which children of quick parts and lively sensibility are usually distinguished. The winter of the year was generally passed by the family of his father at Ajaccio, where they still preserve and exhibit, as the ominous plaything of Napoleon's boyhood, the model of a brass cannon, weighing about thirty pounds. We leave it to philosophers to inquire, whether the future love of war was suggested by the accidental possession of such a toy; or whether the tendency of the mind dictated the selection of it; or, lastly, whether the nature of the pastime, corresponding with the taste which chose it, may not have had each their action and reaction, and contributed between them to the formation of a character so warlike."

• It may be interesting to furnish a parallel passage to this, from a paper entitled *Recollections of Buonaparte*, which lately appeared in *Le Globe*, (a Parisian literary journal), in noticing some recent travels in Corsica. Almost every inhabitant of Corsica pretends that Buonaparte was related to him. There is scarcely a little shopkeeper, a poor shepherd, who does not call the emperor his cousin, and who, while eating his chestnut bread, does not with great complacency describe all that he might have been, had he taken the trouble to go to the French court, and present his sun-burnt figure to his illustrious cousin. As for those who have not the honour to belong to the imperial family, they easily console themselves by telling you, that in their village there are at least ten persons who would have been Buonapartes, and fortune favoured them as it did him. "E stato felice," said a shepherd to me, in speaking of this great man; and I easily comprehended the rest of his meaning. It was good fortune alone which was wanting to the success of others!

I visited at Ajaccio the room in which Buonaparte was born: I beheld with the liveliest interest before his house the small square, planted with trees, where he amused himself with his warlike sports; and the little iron cannon, his favourite plaything, which perhaps developed in him that military instinct that at Toulon suddenly revealed a profound engineer, and at Arcore a great general. Above all, I wandered, with that kind of serious emotion which belongs to the remembrance of the childhood of a great man, in the gardens of the Buonaparte family. I seated myself under a grotto, formed by two enormous rocks, leaning against each other, and in which the young scholar studied his Euclid, and perhaps dreamt of other matters than tranquil study. All who knew him (and there is not a single old Corsican who has not as fresh a recollection of him as if he had seen him but yesterday) agree that he was sombre, silent, and proud; mingling with other human beings only to command them, and entraining himself when he was required to obey.

Above the town, on one of the eminences which surround it, are the ruins of a little fort called the Fortino. "If I had but four thousand livres a year," said Buonaparte to a person who related to me the anecdote, "I know what I would do. 'And what would you do?' 'I would build myself a house up yonder.' 'And why? the place is a desert.' 'True; but I should command the whole town!' Is not the whole man displayed in these few words?

In 1794, when amidst anarchy within, and victory without, the piercing eye of genius might already see the germ of despotism shooting in France, young Buonaparte wrote a long letter to Archdeacon Luciano, his great uncle, in which his ambitious hopes were indirectly manifested. I could not obtain a copy of it (for more than one simple townsman of Ajaccio possesses treasures of this kind, of which they are very jealous), but this expression struck me:—"Do not be uneasy about my nephews; they know very well how to make room for themselves."

I have four of his letters, copied from the originals. They are of different dates. We see him in them from the time that he was a scholar at Brienne, until he became Emperor of France. They are all addressed to his mother, or to his relations; and manifest, in the midst of the respectful phraseology of the ancient regime, a continual leaning to those amiable affections, with insensibility to which Buonaparte has so often been charged. It is pleasing in these letters to see the heart of a man beating under the embroidered robe of the emperor, or the gray autout of the soldier. One singular thing is, the frequent recurrence of those religious ideas with which Italian habits and a southern imagination had imbued his infancy. These of the letters do not contain any thing remarkable, being filled with family affairs. It is, nevertheless, amusing to hear the future emperor speak, in one, of a mill which wanted repair, and of an obscure process, which occupied him even in the midst of the more serious process which he was beginning to contest. Another, a letter of consolation addressed to his mother, on the loss of her husband, is written in a tone of grave and respectful affection. A third, written to the same in-

The following anecdotes of his youth, when a student at Brienne, are new to us:—"they were many years since communicated to the author by Messrs. Joseph and Louis Law, brothers of General Baron Lauriston, Buonaparte's favourite aide-de-camp. These gentlemen, or at least Joseph, were educated at Brienne, but at a later period than Napoleon. Their distinguished brother was his contemporary."

"The conduct of Napoleon among his companions, was that of a studious and reserved youth, adding himself deeply to the means of improvement, and rather avoiding than seeking the usual temptations to dissipation of time. He had few friends, and no intimates; yet at different times, when he chose to exert it, he exhibited considerable influence over his fellow-students, and when there was any joint plan to be carried into effect, he was frequently chosen dictator of the little republic. In the time of winter, Buonaparte upon one occasion engaged his companions in constructing a fortress out of the snow, regularly defended by ditches and bastions, according to the rules of fortification. It was considered as displaying the great powers of the juvenile engineer in the way of his profession, and was attacked and defended by the students, who divided into parties for the purpose, until the battle became so keen that their superiors thought it proper to proclaim a truce. The young Buonaparte gave another instance of address and enterprise upon the following occasion. There was a fair held annually in the neighbourhood of Brienne, where the pupils of the military school used to find a day's amusement; but on account of a quarrel betwixt them and the country people upon a former occasion, or for some such cause, the masters of the institution had directed that the students should not on the fair day be permitted to go beyond their own precincts, which were surrounded with a wall. Under the direction of the young Corsican, however, the scholars had already laid a plot for securing their usual day's diversion. They had undermined the wall which encompassed their exercising ground, with so much skill and secrecy, that, dividual, in 1808, is quite in a different style. It is the Emperor writing to one who has had the honour to give him birth. He calls her "Madam," instead of "My dear mother," and grants her requests in behalf of the Sisters of Charity,—a society in which he took great interest. The composition is more solemn and measured. Attachment is seen through it; but it is majestic: his endearments are like those of a lion.

I conclude by quoting the whole of a letter on the death of his father. It is dated Paris, 28th March, 1785.

"To Monsieur de Buonaparte, Archdeacon of the Cathedral of Ajaccio.

"My dear Uncle,—It would be useless to express to you how sensible I am of the calamity which has befallen us. We have lost a father—and God knows what a father, and how great his tenderness and attachment. Alas! We all recognised in him the support of our youth. You have lost in him an obedient and grateful nephew; and you know, better than I, how he loved you. The public, I venture to say, has by his death lost a serious, enlightened, and disinterested citizen. The dignity with which he was several times honoured, sufficiently marked the confidence which his fellow-citizens reposed in him. Heaven, however, has decreed his death; and in what place? A hundred leagues from his country, in a foreign land, indifferent to his existence; far from those whom he most valued. It is true that one of his sons was with him at the dreadful moment; that was a great consolation to him, but certainly not to be compared to the melancholy gratification which he would have experienced had he terminated his career in his own house, surrounded by his wife and all his family. But the Supreme Being did not so ordain it: his will is immutable; it is he alone who can now console us. Alas! at least, if he has deprived us of what we held most dear, he has still left us the persons who alone can fill the void. Design, then, to occupy the place of the father whom we have lost; our attachment, our gratitude, will be proportioned to so great a benefit. I conclude by wishing you health similar to my own.—Your most humble and most obedient servant and nephew."

"NAPOLEON DE BUONAPARTE."

their operations remained entirely unknown till the morning of the fair, when a part of the boundary unexpectedly fell, and gave a free passage to the imprisoned students, of which they immediately took the advantage, by hurrying to the prohibited scene of amusement. But although on these, and perhaps other occasions, Buonaparte displayed some of the frolic temper of youth, mixed with the inventive genius and the talent for commanding others by which he was distinguished in after-time, his life at school was in general that of a recluse and severe student, acquiring by his judgment, and treasuring in his memory, that wonderful process of almost unlimited combination, by means of which he was afterwards able to simplify the most difficult and complicated undertakings. His mathematical teacher was proud of the young islander, as the boast of his school, and his other scientific instructors had the same reason to be satisfied. In languages Buonaparte was less a proficient, and never acquired the art of writing or spelling French, far less foreign languages, with accuracy or correctness; nor had the monks of Brienne any reason to pride themselves on the classical proficiency of their scholar. The full energies of his mind being devoted to the scientific pursuits of his profession, left little time or inclination for other studies. Though of Italian origin, Buonaparte had not a decided taste for the fine arts, and his taste in composition seems to have leaned towards the grotesque and the bombastic. He used always the most exaggerated phrases; and it is seldom, if ever, that his bulletins present those touches of sublimity which are founded on dignity and simplicity of expression."

At the age of seventeen Buonaparte became (when a lieutenant of artillery) "an adventurer for the honours of literature also, and was anonymously a competitor for the prize offered by the Academy of Lyons on Raynal's question, 'What are the principles and institutions, by application of which, mankind can be raised to the highest pitch of happiness?' The prize was adjudged to the young soldier. It is impossible to avoid feeling curiosity to know the character of the juvenile theories respecting government, advocated by one who at length attained the power of practically making what experiments he pleased. Probably his early ideas did not exactly coincide with his more mature practice; for when Talleyrand, many years afterwards, got the Essay out of the records of the Academy, and returned it to the author, Buonaparte destroyed it after he had read a few pages. He also laboured under the temptation of writing a journey to Mount Cenis, after the manner of Sterne, which he was fortunate enough finally to resist. The affectation which pervades Sterne's peculiar style of composition, was not likely to be simplified under the pen of Buonaparte. Sterner times were fast approaching, and the nation was now fully divided by those factions which produced the Revolution."

We are not required to follow this eventful and appalling story further: we must content ourselves with shewing where the author has most powerfully treated the character and exploits of the hero of his tale,—a tale more amazing and wonderful than Romance has often told. The first great actions which bear Napoleon forward (after his conflicts in the streets of Paris as leader of the troops of the Convention against Damian and those of the sections of that city) are recorded in the renowned Italian campaigns. We may previously notice, that at the siege of Toulon, when General O'Hara was taken prisoner in a sally,

"there was a warm skirmish, in which Napoleon himself received a bayonet-wound in the thigh, by which, though a serious injury, he was not, however, disabled. The English were thrown into irretrievable confusion, and retreated, leaving their general wounded, and a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. It is singular, that during his long warfare, Buonaparte was never personally engaged with the British, except in his first, and at Waterloo, his last and fatal battle. The attack upon Acre can scarce be termed an exception, as far as his own person was concerned."

After Buonaparte's first successful campaign in Italy, (where the command was his dowry for marrying, in 1796, Madame Beauharnois, who was connected with Barras and Tallien), it is stated:—

"His style in addressing the Convention was, at this period, more modest and simple, and therefore more impressive, than the figurative and bombastic style which he afterwards used in his bulletins. His self-opinion, perhaps, was not risen so high as to permit him to use the sesquipedalian words and violent metaphors, to which he afterwards seems to have given a preference. We may remark also, that the young victor was honourably anxious to secure for such officers as distinguished themselves, the pre ferment which their services entitled them to. He urges the promotion of his brethren in arms in almost every one of his despatches,—a conduct not only just and generous, but also highly politic. Were his recommendations successful, their general had the gratitude due for the benefit; were they overlooked, thanks equally belonged to him for his good wishes, and the resentment for the slight attached itself to the government, who did not give effect to them. If Buonaparte spoke simply and modestly on his own achievements, the bombast which he spared was liberally dealt out to the Convention by an orator named Daubermesnil, who invokes all bards, from Tyrteus and Ossian down to the author of the Marseillois hymn—all painters, from Apelles to David—all musicians, from Orpheus to the author of the *Chant du départ*, to sing, paint, and compose music, upon the achievements of the general and army of Italy. With better taste, a medal of Buonaparte was struck in the character of the conqueror of the battle of Monte Notte. The face is extremely thin, with lank hair; a striking contrast to the fleshy square countenance exhibited on his later coins. On the reverse, Victory, bearing a palm branch, a wreath of laurel, and a naked sword, is seen flying over the Alps. This medal we notice as the first of the splendid series which records the victories and honours of Napoleon, and which was designed by Denon as a tribute to the genius of his patron."

Previous to the battle of Lodi, it is observed, that to encourage the ardour of his army, "Buonaparte circulated an address, in which, complimenting the army on the victories they had gained, he desired them at the same time to consider nothing as won so long as the Austrians held Milan, and while the ashes of those who had conquered the Tarquins were soiled by the presence of the assassins of Basserville. It would appear that classical allusions are either familiar to the French soldiers, or that, without being more learned than others of their rank, they are pleased with being supposed to understand them. They probably considered the oratory of their great leader as soldier-like words, and words of exceeding good command. The English soldier, addressed in such flights of eloquence, would either have laughed at

them, or supposed that he had got a crazed play-actor put over him, instead of a general. But there is this peculiar trait in the French character, that they are willing to take every thing of a complimentary kind in the manner in which it seems to be meant. They appear to have made that bargain with themselves on many points, which the audience usually do in a theatre,—to accept of the appearance of things for the reality. They never inquire whether a triumphal arch is of stone or of wood; whether a scutcheon is of solid metal, or only gilt; or whether a speech, of which the tendency is flattering to their national vanity, contains genuine eloquence, or only timid extravagance. All thoughts were therefore turned to Italy."

The passage of the Bridge of Lodi has been so variously represented, and occasioned so much controversy, that we quote the author's description of it:—

"Though the bridge was left standing, it was swept by twenty or thirty Austrian pieces of artillery, whose thunders menaced death to any who should attempt that pass of peril. The French, with great alertness, got as many guns in position on the left bank, and answered this tremendous fire with equal spirit. During this cannonade, Buonaparte threw himself personally amongst the fire, in order to station two guns loaded with grape shot, in such a position, as rendered it impossible for any one to approach for the purpose of undermining or destroying the bridge; and then calmly proceeded to make arrangements for a desperate attempt. His cavalry was directed to cross, if possible, at a place where the Adda was said to be fordable,—a task which they accomplished with difficulty. Meantime Napoleon observed that the Austrian line of infantry was thrown considerably behind the batteries of artillery which they supported, in order that they might have the advantage of a bending slope of ground, which afforded them shelter from the French fire. He, therefore, drew up a close column of three thousand grenadiers, protected from the artillery of the Austrians by the walls and houses of the town, and yet considerably nearer to the enemy's line of guns on the opposite side of the Adda than were their own infantry, which ought to have protected them. The column of grenadiers, thus secured, waited in comparative safety, until the appearance of the French cavalry, who had crossed the ford, began to disquiet the flank of the Austrians. This was the critical moment which Buonaparte expected. A single word of command wheeled the head of the column of grenadiers to the left, and placed it on the perilous bridge. The word was given to advance, and they rushed on with loud shouts of *Vive la République!* But their appearance upon the bridge was the signal for a redoubled shower of grape-shot, while, from the windows of the houses on the left side of the river, the soldiers who occupied them poured volley after volley of musketry on the thick column, as it endeavoured to force its way over the long bridge. At one time the French grenadiers, unable to sustain this dreadful storm, appeared for an instant to hesitate. But Berthier, the chief of Buonaparte's staff, with Massena, L'Allemande, and Corvini, hurried to the head of the column, and by their presence and gallantry renewed the resolution of the soldiers, who now poured across the bridge. The Austrians had but one resource left; to rush on the French with the bayonet, and kill, or drive back into the Adda, those who had forced their passage, before they could deploy

into line, or receive support from their comrades, who were still filing along the bridge. But the opportunity was neglected, either because the troops, who should have executed the manoeuvre, had been, as we have already noticed, withdrawn too far from the river; or because the soldiery, as happens when they repose too much confidence in a strong position, became panic-struck when they saw it unexpectedly carried. Or it may be, that General Beaulieu, so old and so unfortunate, had somewhat lost that energy and presence of mind which the critical moment demanded. Whatever was the cause, the French rushed on the artillerymen, from whose fire they had lately suffered so tremendously, and, unsupported as they were, had little difficulty in bayonetting them. The Austrian army now completely gave way, and lost in their retreat, annoyed as it was by the French cavalry, upwards of twenty guns, a thousand prisoners, and perhaps two thousand more wounded and slain. Such was the famous passage of the Bridge of Lodi; achieved with such skill and gallantry, as gave the victor the same character for fearless intrepidity, and practical talent in actual battle, which the former part of the campaign had gained him as a most able tactician. Yet this action, though successful, has been severely criticised by those who desire to derogate from Buonaparte's military talents. It has been said, that he might have passed over a body of infantry at the same ford where the cavalry had crossed; and that thus, by manoeuvring on both sides of the river, he might have compelled the Austrians to evacuate their position on the left bank of the Adda, without hazarding an attack upon their front, which could not but cost the assailants very dearly. Buonaparte had perhaps this objection in his recollection when he states, that the column of grenadiers were so judiciously sheltered from the fire until the moment when their wheel to the left brought them on the bridge, that they only lost two hundred men during the storm of the passage. We cannot but suppose, that this is a very mitigated account of the actual loss of the French army. So slight a loss is not to be easily reconciled with the horrors of the battle, as he himself detailed them in his despatches; nor with the conclusion, in which he mentions, that of the sharp contests which the army of Italy had to sustain during the campaign, none was to be compared with that 'terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi.' In fact, as we may take occasion to prove hereafter, the memoranda of the great general, dictated to his officers at Saint Helena, have a little too much the character of his original bulletins; and, while they shew a considerable disposition to exaggerate the difficulties to be overcome, the fury of the conflict, and the exertions of courage by which the victory was attained, shew a natural inconsistency, from the obvious wish to diminish the loss which was its unavoidable price. But, admitting that the loss of the French had been greater on this occasion than their general cared to recollect or acknowledge, his military conduct seems not the less justifiable."

When the Austrian general at the end of the fifth campaign surrendered Mantua to the conquering French, after recording several anecdotes honourable to the generosity of Buonaparte, it is stated—

"But the young victor paid a still more delicate and noble-minded compliment, in declining to be personally present when the veteran Wurmser had the mortification to surrender his sword, with his garrison of twenty thousand men, ten thousand of whom were fit

for service. This self-denial did Napoleon as much credit nearly as his victory, and must not be omitted in a narrative, which, often called to stigmatise his ambition and its consequences, should not be the less ready to observe marks of dignified and honourable feeling. The history of this remarkable man more frequently reminds us of the romantic and improbable victories imputed to the heroes of the romantic ages, than of the spirit of chivalry attributed to them: but in this instance, Napoleon's conduct towards Wurmser may be justly compared to that of the Black Prince to his royal prisoner, King John of France."

We have quoted this passage to shew the impartial character of the history.

At the fortunate conclusion of the Italian war, Sir Walter observes:—

"Negotiations proceeded amid gaiety and pleasure. The various ministers and envoys of Austria, of the Pope, of the Kings of Naples and Sardinia, of the Duke of Parma, of the Swiss Cantons, of several of the Princes of Germany,—the throng of generals, of persons in authority, of deputies of towns,—with the daily arrival and despatch of numerous couriers, the bustle of important business, mingled with fetes and entertainments, with balls and with hunting parties,—gave the picture of a splendid court, and the assemblage was called accordingly, by the Italians, the Court of Montebello. It was such in point of importance; for the deliberations agitated there were to regulate the political relations of Germany, and decide the fate of the King of Sardinia, of Switzerland, of Venice, of Genoa; all destined to hear from the voice of Napoleon the terms on which their national existence was to be prolonged or terminated. Montebello was not less the abode of pleasure. The sovereigns of this diplomatic and military court made excursions to the Lago Maggiore, to Lago di Como, to the Borromean islands, and occupied at pleasure the villas which surround those delicious regions. Every town, every village, desired to distinguish itself by some peculiar mark of homage and respect to him, whom they then named the Liberator of Italy. These expressions are in a great measure those of Napoleon himself, who seems to have looked back on this period of his life with warmer recollections of pleasurable enjoyment than he had experienced on any other occasion. It was probably the happiest time of his life. Honour, beyond that of a crowned head, was his own, and had the full relish of novelty to a mind which two or three years before was pining in obscurity. Power was his, and he had not experienced its cares and risks; high hopes were formed of him by all around, and he had not yet disappointed them. He was in the flower of youth, and married to the woman of his heart. Above all, he had the glow of Hope, which was marshalling him even to more exalted dominion; and he had not yet become aware that possession brings satiety, and that all earthly desires and wishes terminate, when fully attained, in vanity and vexation of spirit."

The Directory (opening of Vol. IV. of our history) treated the conqueror with impolitic suspicion. The expedition to Egypt is the next grand event. The conduct of Buonaparte in this country is described as being in many respects useful and praiseworthy; in others, absurd: he is acquitted of the charge of poisoning the sick at Jaffa, though his foul murder of the prisoners there is admitted by himself, and his defence of it completely refuted. The deep stain rests on the name of Buonaparte.

His return to Europe; his dissolving the

Council of Five Hundred, (18 and 19 Brumaire, February 1800); and the formation of the consulate with Sieyès and Ducos, are familiar events—the battle of Marengo not less so. At the end of Volume IV. we have the treaty of Amiens, and Buonaparte consul for life; and these are the reflections of the historian:—

"The period at which we close the volume was a most important one in Napoleon's life, and seemed a crisis on which his fate, and that of France, depended. Britain, his most inveterate and most successful enemy, had seen herself compelled by circumstances to resort to the experiment of a doubtful peace, rather than continue a war which seemed to be waged without an object. The severe checks to national prosperity, which arose from the ruined commerce and blockaded ports of France, might now, under the countenance of the First Consul, be exchanged for wealth that waits upon trade and manufactures. Her navy, of which few vestiges were left save the Brest fleet, might now be recruited, and resume by degrees that acquaintance with the ocean from which they had long been debarred. The restored colonies of France might have added to the sources of her national wealth, and she might have possessed—what Buonaparte on a remarkable occasion declared to be the principal objects he desired for her—ships, colonies, and commerce. In his personal capacity, the First Consul possessed all the power which he desired, and a great deal more than, whether his own or the country's welfare was regarded, he ought to have wished for. His victories over the foes of France had, by their mere fame, enabled him to make himself master of her freedom. It remained to shew—not whether Napoleon was a patriot, for to that honourable name he had forfeited all title when he first usurped unlimited power—but whether he was to use the power which he had wrongfully acquired, like Trajan or like Domitian. His strangely-mingled character shewed traits of both these historical portraits, strongly opposed as they are to each other. Or rather, he might seem to be like Socrates in the allegory, alternately influenced by a good and a malevolent demon; the former marking his course with actions of splendour and dignity; while the latter, mastering human frailty by means of its prevailing foible, the love of self, debased the history of a hero by actions and sentiments worthy only of a vulgar tyrant."

The aggressions of Buonaparte, and the infringements of the treaty of Amiens, led to the renewal of war, and the threat of invading England, respecting which the author remarks:—

"Buonaparte seems not to have entertained the least doubts of success, could he have succeeded in disembarking his army. A single general action was to decide the fate of England. Five days were to bring Napoleon to London, where he was to perform the part of William the Third; but with more generosity and disinterestedness. He was to call a meeting of the inhabitants, restore them what he calls their rights, and destroy the oligarchical faction. A few months would not, according to his account, have elapsed, ere the two nations, late such determined enemies, would have been identified by their principles, their maxims, their interests. The full explanation of this gibberish (for it can be termed no better, even proceeding from the lips of Napoleon), is to be found elsewhere, when he spoke a language more genuine than that of the *Moniteur* and the bulletins. 'England,' he said, 'must have ended, by becoming an appendage to the

France of *my* system. Nature has made it one of our islands, as well as Oleron and Corsica. It is impossible not to pursue the train of reflections which Buonaparte continued to pour forth to the companion of his exile, on the rock of St. Helena. When England was conquered, and identified with France in maxims and principles, according to one form of expression, or rendered an appendage and dependency, according to another phrase, the reader may suppose that Buonaparte would have considered his mission as accomplished. Alas! it was not much more than commenced. 'I would have departed from thence [from subjugated Britain] to carry the work of European regeneration [that is, the extension of his own arbitrary authority] from south to north, under the republican colours, for I was then chief consul, in the same manner which I was more lately on the point of achieving it under the monarchical forms.' When we find such ideas retaining hold of Napoleon's imagination, and arising to his tongue after his irretrievable fall, it is impossible to avoid exclaiming, Did ambition ever conceive so wild a dream, and had so wild a vision ever a termination so disastrous and humiliating! It may be expected that something should be here said, upon the chances which Britain would have had of defending herself successfully against the army of invaders. We are willing to acknowledge that the risk must have been dreadful; and that Buonaparte, with his genius and his army, must have inflicted severe calamities upon a country which had so long enjoyed the blessings of peace. But the people were unanimous in their purpose of defence, and their forces composed of materials to which Buonaparte did more justice when he came to be better acquainted with them. Of the three British nations, the English have since shown themselves possessed of the same steady valour which won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt, Blenheim and Minden—the Irish have not lost the fiery enthusiasm which has distinguished them in all the countries of Europe—nor have the Scots degenerated from the stubborn courage with which their ancestors for two thousand years maintained their independence against a superior enemy. Even if London had been lost, we would not, under so great a calamity, have despaired of the freedom of the country; for the war would in all probability have assumed that popular and national character which sooner or later wears out an invading army. Neither does the confidence with which Buonaparte affirms the conviction of his winning the first battle, appear so certainly well founded. This, at least, we know, that the resolution of the country was fully bent up to the hazard; and those who remember the period will bear us witness, that the desire that the French would make the attempt, was a general feeling through all classes, because they had every reason to hope that the issue might be such as for ever to silence the threat of invasion.*

We now come upon the most interesting grounds,—when d'Emghien was murdered, when Moreau and Pichegru were arrayed against Napoleon, and when our countryman, Captain Wright, perished in a French prison. The first of these is justly declared to be one of the deepest stains on the memory of Buonaparte; while his myrmidons, Savary, Hulín, and others, are, with him, held up to the execrations of humanity. The contemporary suicides of Pichegru and Wright, are viewed with the suspicion which such strange events (coupled, too, with the catastrophe of the last

of the race of Condé) are calculated to inspire. The rapid succession of wonders at this period staggered men's minds, and made them incapable of calmly investigating any single action—but the conclusions are horrible when quietly examined by the torch of history. The events of the ensuing war,—Austerlitz, Jena, &c., and indeed all public measures and results, are so well known, as to render it needless for us to follow the author in his history, which, generally, takes the beaten track, and enlightens it with information and judicious remark, which, though we greatly admire, it is impossible for us here to exemplify.

Posterior to the peace of Tilsit, the historian takes another general (a concise but admirable) view (Vol. VI.) of the condition of Europe, and particularly of France as altered by the revolution and rule of Buonaparte, now at the pinnacle of his power and despotic authority. The change in the system of laws, and the introduction of the Code Napoleon—the new form of education, the national university, Lyceums, &c.—the effect of the conscriptions so rigorously enforced—the military policy, and the difference wrought in the character of the soldiery by *la maraude* (plundering)—and indeed all the internal aspects of the country,—are brought luminously forward. The continental system is next discussed; and we arrive at the invasion of Spain. A few extracts from this portion of the work are subjoined by way of illustration.

"Buonaparte understood the character of the French nation so well, that he could offer them an acceptable indemnification for servitude, first, in the height to which he proposed to raise their national pre-eminence; secondly, in the municipal establishments, by means of which he administered their government; and which, though miserably defective in all which would have been demanded by a nation accustomed to the administration of equal and just laws, afforded a protection to life and property that was naturally most welcome to those who had been so long, under the republican system, made the victims of cruelty, rapacity, and the most extravagant and unlimited tyranny, rendered yet more odious as exercised under the pretext of liberty. To the first of these arts of government we have often adverted; and it must be always recalled to mind whenever the sources of Buonaparte's power over the public mind in France come to be treated of. He himself gave the solution in a few words, when censuring the imbecility of the directors, to whose power he succeeded. 'These men,' he said, 'know not how to work upon the imagination of the French nation.' This idea, which, in phraseology, is rather Italian than French, expresses the chief secret of Napoleon's authority. He held himself out as the individual upon whom the fate of France depended—of whose hundred decisive victories France enjoyed the glory. It was he whose sword, hewing down obstacles which his bravest monarchs had accounted insurmountable, had cut the way to her now undeniable supremacy over Europe. He alone could justly claim to be absolute monarch of France, who, raising that nation from a perilous condition, had healed her discords, reconciled her factions, turned her defeats into victory, and, from a disinherited people, about to become the prey to civil and external war, had elevated her to the situation of queen of Europe. This had been all accomplished upon one condition; and, as we have stated elsewhere, it was that which the tempter offered in the wilderness, after his ostentatious display of the kingdoms of the earth.—All

these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' Napoleon had completed the boastful promise, and it flattered a people more desirous of glory than of liberty; and so much more pleased with hearing of national conquests in foreign countries, than of enjoying the freedom of their own individual thoughts and actions, that they unreluctantly surrendered the latter, in order that their vanity might be flattered by the former.

"It must be admitted, looking around the city of Paris, and travelling through the provinces of France, that Buonaparte has, in the works of peaceful grandeur, left a stamp of magnificence, not unworthy of the soaring and at the same time profound spirit, which accomplished so many wonders in warfare. His conduct towards the Empress Josephine was regular and exemplary. From their accession to grandeur till the fatal divorce, as Napoleon once termed it, they shared the privacy of the same apartment, and for many years partook the same bed. Josephine is said, indeed, to have given her husband, upon whom she had many claims, some annoyance by her jealousy, to which he patiently submitted, and escaped the reproach thrown on so many heroes and men of genius, that, proof to every thing else, they are not so against the allurements of female seduction. What amours he had were of a passing character. The dignity of his throne was splendidly and magnificently maintained, but the expense was still limited by that love of order which arose out of Buonaparte's powers of arithmetical calculation habitually and constantly employed, and the trusting to which contributed, it may be, to that external regularity and decorum which he always supported. In speaking of his own peculiar taste, Buonaparte said that his favourite work was a book of logarithms, and his choicest amusement was working out the problems. The individual to whom the Emperor made this singular avowal mentioned it with surprise to an officer near his person, who assured him, that not only did Napoleon amuse himself with arithmetical ciphers, and the theory of computation, but that he frequently brought it to bear on his domestic expenses, and diverted himself with comparing the price at which particular articles were charged to him, with the rate which they ought to have cost at the fair market price, but which, for reasons unnecessary to state, was in general greatly exceeded. Las Cases mentions his detecting such an overcharge in the gold fringe which adorned one of his state apartments. A still more curious anecdote respects a watch which the most eminent artist of Paris had orders to finish with his utmost skill, in a style which might become a gift from the emperor of France to his brother the king of Spain. Before the watch was out of the artist's hands, Napoleon received news of the battle of Vittoria. 'All is now over with Joseph,' were almost his first words after receiving the intelligence. 'Send to countermand the order for the watch.' Properly considered, this anecdote indicates no indifference as to his brother's fate, nor anxiety about saving a petty sum; it was the rigid calculation of a professed accountant, whose habits of accuracy induced him to bring every loss to a distinct balance, however trivial the set-off may be. But although the Emperor's economy descended to minute trifles, we are not to suppose that among such was its natural sphere. On the contrary, in the first year of the consulate, he

* "The watch, half completed, remained in the hands of the artist, and is now the property of the Duke of Wellington."

discovered and rectified an error in the statement of the revenue, to the amount of no less than two millions of francs, to the prejudice of the state. In another instance, with the skill which only a natural taste for calculation, brought to excellence by constant practice, could have attained, he discovered an enormous overcharge of more than sixty thousand francs in the pay-accounts of the garrison of Paris. Two such discoveries, by the head magistrate, must have gone far to secure regularity in the departments in which they were made, in future. Attending to this remarkable peculiarity throws much light on the character of Buonaparte. It was by dint of his rapid and powerful combinations that he succeeded as a general; and the same laws of calculation can be traced through much of his public and private life. *

"The composition of Buonaparte's court was singular. Amid his military dukes and marshals were mingled many descendants of the old noblesse, who had been struck out of the lists of emigration. On these Buonaparte spread the cruel reproach, 'I offered them rank in my army—they declined the service; I opened my antechambers to them—they rushed in and filled them.' In this the Emperor did not do justice to the ancient noblesse of France. A great many resumed their natural situation in the military ranks of their country, and a still greater number declined, in any capacity, to bend the knee to him whom they could only consider as a successful usurper. *

"Amid the gleam of embroidery, of orders, decorations, and all that the etiquette of a court demands to render ceremonial at once accurate and splendid, the person of the Emperor was to be distinguished by his extreme simplicity of dress and deportment. A plain uniform, with a hat having no other ornament than a small three-coloured cockade, was the dress of him who bestowed all these gorgeous decorations, and in honour of whom these costly robes of ceremonial had been exhibited. Perhaps Napoleon might be of opinion, that a person under the common size, and in his latter days somewhat corpulent, was unfit for the display of rich dresses; or it is more likely he desired to intimate, that although he exacted from others the strict observance of etiquette, he held that the imperial dignity placed him above any reciprocal obligation towards them. Perhaps, also, in limiting his personal expenses, and avoiding that of a splendid royal wardrobe, Buonaparte might indulge that love of calculation and order, which we have noticed as a leading point of his character. But his utmost efforts could not carry a similar spirit of economy among the female part of his imperial family; and it may be a consolation to persons of less consequence to know, that in this respect the Emperor of half the world was nearly as powerless as they may feel themselves to be. Josephine, with all her amiable qualities, was profuse, after the general custom of Creoles; and Pauline de Borghese was no less so. The efforts of Napoleon to limit their expenses, sometimes gave rise to singular scenes. Upon one occasion, the Emperor found in company of Josephine a certain milliner of high reputation and equal expense, with whom he had discharged his wife to have any dealings. Incensed at this breach of his orders, he directed the *maréchande des modes* to be conducted to the Bicêtre; but the number of carriages which brought the wives of his principal courtiers to consult her in captivity, convinced him that the popularity of the milliner was too powerful even for his imperial authority; so he wisely dropped a contention

which must have seemed ludicrous to the public; and the artist was set at liberty, to charm and pillage the gay world of Paris at her own pleasure. *

"The press, at no time, and in no civilised country, was ever so completely enchained and fettered as at this period it was in France. The public journals were prohibited from inserting any article of public news which had not first appeared in the *Moniteur*, the organ of government; and this, on all momentous occasions, was personally examined by Buonaparte himself. Nor were the inferior papers permitted to publish a word, whether in the way of explanation, criticism, or otherwise, which did not accurately correspond with the tone observed in the leading journal. They might, with the best graces of their eloquence, enhance the praise, or deepen the censure, which characterised the leading paragraph; but seizure of their paper, confiscation, imprisonment, and sometimes exile, were the unfailing reward of any attempt to correct what was erroneous in point of fact, or sophistical in point of reasoning. The *Moniteur*, therefore, was the sole guide of public opinion; and by his constant attention to its contents, it is plain that Napoleon relied as much on its influence to direct the general mind of the people of France, as he did upon the power of his arms, military reputation, and extensive resources, to overawe the other nations of Europe. *

"The French revolution first introduced into Europe a mode of conducting hostilities, which transferred almost the whole burthen of the war to the country which had the ill-fortune to be the seat of its operations, and rendered it a resource rather than a drain to the successful belligerent. This we shall presently explain. At the commencement of a campaign, nothing could be so complete as the arrangement of a French army. It was formed into large bodies, called *corps d'armées*, each commanded by a king, viceroy, marshal, or general officer of high pretensions, founded on former services. Each *corps d'armée* formed a complete army within itself, and had its allotted proportion of cavalry, infantry, artillery, and troops of every description. The *corps d'armées* consisted of from six to ten divisions, each commanded by a general of division. The divisions, again, were sub-divided into brigades, of which each, comprehending two or three regiments (consisting of two or more battalions), was commanded by a general of brigade. A *corps d'armée* might vary in number from fifty to eighty thousand men, and upwards; and the general of such a body exercised the full military authority over it, without the controul of any one excepting the Emperor himself. There were very few instances of the Emperor's putting the officers who were capable of this high charge under command of each other; indeed so very few, as might almost imply some doubt on his part, of his commands to this effect being obeyed, had they been issued. This system of dividing his collected forces into separate and nearly independent armies, the generals of which were each intrusted with and responsible for his execution of some separate portion of an immense combined plan, gave great celerity and efficacy to the French movements; and, superintended as it was by the master spirit which planned the campaign, often contributed to the most brilliant results. But whenever it became necessary to combine two *corps d'armée* in one operation, it required the personal presence of Napoleon himself. Thus organised, the French army was poured

into some foreign country by forced marches, without any previous arrangement of stores or magazines for their maintenance, and with the purpose of maintaining them solely at the expense of the inhabitants. Buonaparte was exercised in this system; and the combination of great masses, by means of such forced marches, was one great principle of his tactics. This species of war was carried on at the least possible expense of money to his treasury; but it was necessarily at the greatest possible expenditure of human life, and the incalculable increase of human misery. Napoleon's usual object was to surprise the enemy by the rapidity of his marches, defeat him in some great battle, and then seize upon his capital, levy contributions, make a peace with such advantages as he could obtain, and finally return to Paris. In these dazzling campaigns, the army usually began their march with provisions, that is, bread or biscuit, for a certain number of days, on the soldiers' backs. Cattle also were for a time driven along with them, and slaughtered as wanted. These articles were usually provided from some large town or populous district, in which the troops might have been cantoned. The horses of the cavalry were likewise loaded with forage, for the consumption of two or three days. Thus provided, the army set forward on its expedition by forced marches. In a very short time the soldiers became impatient of their burdens, and either wasted them by prodigal consumption, or actually threw them away. It was then that the officers, who soon entertained just apprehensions of the troops suffering scarcity before another regular issue of provisions, gave authority to secure supplies by what was called *la maraude*; in other words, by plunder. To ensure that these forced supplies should be collected and distributed systematically, a certain number of soldiers from each company were despatched to obtain provisions at the villages and farm-houses in the neighbourhood of the march, or of the ground upon which the army was encamped. These soldiers were authorised to compel the inhabitants to deliver their provisions without receipt or payment; and such being their regular duty, it may be well supposed that they did not confine themselves to provisions, but exacted money and articles of value, and committed many other similar abuses. It must be owned, that the intellectual character of the French, and the good-nature which is the real ground of their national character, rendered their conduct more endurable under the evils of this system, than could have been expected, provided always that provisions were plenty, and the country populous. A sort of order was then observed, even in the disorder of the *maraude*, and pains were taken to divide regularly the provisions thus irregularly obtained. The general temper of the soldiery, when unprovoked by resistance, made them not wholly barbarous; and their original good discipline, the education which many had received, with the habits of docility which all had acquired, prevented them from breaking up into bands of absolute banditti, and destroying themselves by their own irregularities. No troops except the French could have subsisted in the same manner; for no other army is sufficiently under the command of its officers. But the most hideous features of this system were shown when the army marched through a thinly-peopled country, or when the national character, and perhaps local facilities, encouraged the natives and peasants to offer resistance. Then the soldiers became animated alike by the scarcity of provisions, and irritated at the

danger which they sometimes incurred in collecting them. As their hardships increased, their temper became relentless and reckless, and, besides indulging in every other species of violence, they increased their own distresses by destroying what they could not use. Famine and sickness were not long of visiting an army, which traversed by forced marches a country exhausted of provisions. These stern attendants followed the French columns as they struggled on. Without hospitals, and without magazines, every straggler who could not regain his ranks fell a victim to hunger, to weather, to weariness, to the vengeance of an incensed peasantry. In this manner, the French army suffered woes which, till these tremendous wars, had never been the lot of troops in hostilities carried on between civilised nations. Still Buonaparte's object was gained; he attained, amid these losses and sacrifices, and at the expense of them, the point which he had desired; displayed his masses to the terrified eyes of a surprised enemy; reaped the reward of his dispatch in a general victory, and furnished new subjects of triumph to the *Moniteur*. So much did he rely upon the celerity of movement, that if an officer asked time to execute any of his commands, it was frequently his remarkable answer,—"Ask me for any thing except time." That celerity depended on the uncompromising system of forced marches, without established magazines, and we have described how wasteful it must have been to human life. But when the battle was over, the dead were at rest, and could not complain; the living were victors, and soon forgot their sufferings; and the loss of the recruits who had been wasted in the campaign, was supplied by another draught upon the youth of France, in the usual forms of the conscription.

"Every attention was paid, to do justice to the claims of the soldier, and provide for his preferment as it was merited. But, with all this encouragement, it was the remark of Buonaparte himself, that the army no longer produced, under the Empire, such distinguished soldiers as Pichegru, Kleber, Moreau, Massena, Dessaix, Hoche, and he himself above all, who, starting from the ranks of obscurity, like runners to a race, had astonished the world by their progress. These men of the highest genius, had been produced, as Buonaparte thought, in and by the fervour of the Revolution; and he appears to have been of opinion, that since things had returned more and more into the ordinary and restricted bounds of civil society, men of the same high class were no longer created. There is, however, some fallacy in this statement. Times of revolution do not create great men, but revolutions usually take place in periods of society when great principles have been under discussion, and the views of the young and of the old have been turned, by the complexion of the times, towards matters of grand and serious consideration, which elevate the character and raise the ambition. When the collision of mutual violence, the explosion of the revolution itself actually breaks out, it neither does nor can create talent of any kind. But it brings forth, (and in general destroys), in the course of its progress, all the talent which the predisposition to discussion of public affairs had already encouraged and fostered; and when that talent has perished, it cannot be replaced from a race educated amidst the furies of civil war. The abilities of the Long Parliament ceased to be seen under the Commonwealth, and the same is true of the French Convention, and the Empire which succeeded it. Revolution is like a conflagra-

tion, which throws temporary light upon the ornaments and architecture of the house to which it attaches, but always ends by destroying them. It is said also, probably with less authority, that Napoleon, even when surrounded by those Imperial Guards, whose discipline had been so sedulously carried to the highest pitch, sometimes regretted the want of the old Revolutionary soldiers, whose war-cry, 'Vive la République!' identified each individual with the cause which he maintained. Napoleon, however, had no cause to regret any circumstance which referred to his military power. It was already far too great, and had destroyed the proper scale of government in France, by giving the military a decided superiority over all men of civil professions, while he himself, with the habits and reasoning of a despotic general, had assumed an almost unlimited authority over the fairest part of Europe. Over foreign countries, the military renown of France streamed like a comet, inspiring universal dread and distrust; and, whilst it rendered indispensable similar preparations for resistance, it seemed as if peace had departed from the earth for ever, and that its destinies were hereafter to be disposed of according to the laws of brutal force alone."

Having quoted so much of what we think very interesting, of a most important epoch; we must now in our march imitate the rapidity of Buonaparte. The Spanish war and the Austrian war, terminated by the battle of Wagram, must not detain us. The divorce of Josephine and marriage of Maria Louisa commence the seventh volume. "As a domestic occurrence, nothing could more contribute to Buonaparte's happiness than his union with Maria Louisa. He was wont to compare her with Josephine, by giving the latter all the advantages of art and grace; the former the charms of simple modesty and innocence. His former Empress used every art to support or enhance her personal charms; but with so much prudence and mystery, that the secret cares of her toilette could never be traced—her successor trusted for the power of pleasing to youth and nature. Josephine mismanaged her revenue, and incurred debt without scruple. Maria Louisa lived within her income, or if she desired any indulgence beyond it, which was rarely the case, she asked it as a favour of Napoleon. Josephine, accustomed to political intrigue, loved to manage, to influence, and to guide her husband; Maria Louisa desired only to please and to obey him. Both were excellent women, of great sweetness of temper, and fondly attached to Napoleon. In the difference between these distinguished persons, we can easily discriminate the leading features of the Parisian, and of the simple German beauty; but it is certainly singular that the artificial character should have belonged to the daughter of the West Indian planter; that marked by nature and simplicity, to a princess of the proudest court in Europe. Buonaparte, whose domestic conduct was generally praiseworthy, behaved with the utmost kindness to his princely bride. He observed, however, the strictest etiquette, and required it from the Empress. If it happened, for example, as was often the case, that he was prevented from attending at the hour when dinner was placed on the table, he was displeased if, in the interim of his absence, which was often prolonged, she either took a book, or had recourse to any female occupation,—if, in short, he did not find her in the attitude of waiting for the signal to take her place at table.

"The Emperor Alexander judged most

accurately of the consequences of the Austrian match, when he said, on receiving the news, 'Then the next task will be, to drive me back to my forests'; so certain he was that Napoleon would make his intimate alliance with the Emperor Francis the means of an attack upon Russia; and so acute was he in seeing the germs of future and more desperate wars, in a union from which more short-sighted politicians were looking for the blessings of peace."

The annexation of Holland to France is shown to have been very unpopular; and the election of Bernadotte to the crown of Sweden an act not agreeable to Buonaparte. The Russian war, 1812, succeeds: and the horrors of the French retreat form a chapter of intense interest. Of Buonaparte it is mentioned as characteristic incidents—"Riding where the recently wounded had not been yet removed, he expressed, as indeed was his custom, for he could never view bodily pain without sympathy, a very considerable degree of sensibility. 'His wound is incurable, Sire,' said a surgeon, upon whom he was laying his orders to attend to one of these miserable objects. 'Try, however,' said Napoleon; and added in a suppressed voice,—"There will always be one fewer of them,"—meaning, doubtless, of the victims of his wars. Napoleon's is not the only instance in which men have trembled or wept at looking upon the details of misery which have followed in consequence of some abstract resolutions of their own."

After the battle of Bautzen, "the whole day of the 22d of May was spent in attacks upon the rear of the allies, which were always repelled by their coolness and military conduct. The Emperor Napoleon placed himself in the very front of the pursuing column, and exposed his person to the heavy and well-aimed fire by which Miloradovitch covered his retreat. He urged his generals to the pursuit, making use of such expressions as expressed his impetuosity: 'You creep, scoundrel!' was one which he applied to a general officer upon such an occasion. He lost patience, in fact, when he came to compare the cost of the battle with its consequences, and said, in a tone of bad humour, 'What, no results after so much carnage,—not a gun,—not a prisoner?—these people will not leave me so much as a nail.' At the heights of Reichembach, the Russian rear-guard made a halt; and while the cuirassiers of the guards disputed the pass with the Russian lancers, the French general Bruyere was struck down by a bullet. He was a veteran of the army of Italy, and favoured by Buonaparte, as having been a companion of his early honours. But fortune had reserved for that day a still more severe trial of Napoleon's feelings. As he surveyed the last point on which the Russians continued to make a stand, a ball killed a trooper of his escort close by his side. 'Duroc,' he said, to his ancient and faithful follower and confidant, now the grand master of his palace, 'fortune has a spite at us to-day.' It was not yet exhausted. Some time afterwards, as the Emperor with his suite rode along a hollow way, three cannon were fired. One ball shivered a tree close to Napoleon, and rebounding, killed General Kirchener, and mortally wounded Duroc, whom the Emperor had just spoken to. A halt was ordered, and for the rest of the day Napoleon remained in front of his tent, surrounded by his guard, who pitied their Emperor, as if he had lost one of his children. He visited the dying man, whose entrails were torn by the shot, and expressed his affection and regret. On no other but that single occasion was he ever observed so much exhausted,

or absorbed by grief, as to decline listening to military details, or giving military orders. 'Every thing to-morrow,' was his answer to those who ventured to ask his commands. He made more than one decree in favour of Duroc's family, and implored the sum of two hundred Napoleons in the hands of the pastor, in whose house Duroc had expired, to raise a monument to his memory, for which he dictated a modest and affecting epitaph. In Bessières and Duroc, Napoleon lost two of his best officers and most attached friends, whose sentiments had more influence on him than others in whom he reposed less confidence. The double deprivation was of the worst omen for his fortunes."

The defeat at Leipsic, restoration of Ferdinand, liberation of the pope, and emancipation of Holland, close this volume. The first downfall of Napoleon now quickly approached; yet he made great and desperate efforts to meet the dangers which threatened him, and defend invaded France. Here the Bourbon party again began to show head, and the old republicans hailed the reverses of the Emperor as affording a chance for the re-ascendancy of their principles; while the population generally was weary of the war, its burthens, and its losses. The national spirit could no longer be roused. The council of state and the legislative body failed to yield implicit obedience to their master's commands. The indignant ruler then performed the famous scene of presenting his wife and son to the national guard, and left Paris (25th January, 1814) full of melancholy forebodings, to place himself at the head of the army.

"His mind was agitated with unusual apprehensions and anticipations of misfortune; feeling also, what was unsuspected by many, that the real danger of his situation arose from the probability of the nation's wishing to recall the Bourbons. He had even, according to his own account, resolved to arrest 'the person of a man of great influence,' whom he supposed most likely to promote this design. His councillors persuaded him to forbear this arbitrary action at a moment when his power was becoming daily more obnoxious, and reminded him that the suspected person had as much reason to fear the restoration of the Bourbons as he himself had. The Emperor yielded the point, but not without strongly repeating his fears that his advisers and himself would both have to repent of it; and not without charging Cambaceres to make sure of that individual's person, in case any crisis should take place in the capital."

The first battle was the undecisive one of Brienne, where he attacked Blücher and the Silesian force—

"The alert movements of Napoleon surpassed the anticipation of Blücher. He was at table with his staff in the chateau. General Alsace, a Russian, occupied the town of Brienne, and General Sacken's corps was drawn up in columns, on the road from Brienne to La Rothière. At once a horrible tumult was heard. The Russian cavalry, two thousand in number, were completely driven in by those of Napoleon, and at the same moment Ney attacked the village; while a body of French grenadiers, who, favoured by the wooded and broken character of the ground, had been enabled to get into the park, threatened to make prisoners all who were in the chateau. Blücher, with his officers, had barely time to reach a postern, where they were under the necessity of leading their horses down a stair, and in that way made their escape with difficulty. The bold resistance of Alsace de-

fended the town against Ney, and Sacken advanced to Alsace's assistance. The Cosacks also fell on the rear of the French in the park, and Buonaparte's own safety was compromised in the mêlée. Men were killed by his side, and he was obliged to draw his sword in his own defence. At the very moment of attack, his attention was engaged by the sight of a tree, which he recollected to be the same under which, during the hours of recreation at Brienne, he used, when a school-boy, to peruse the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso. If the curtain of fate had risen before the obscure youth, and discovered to him in the same spot, his own image as Emperor of France, contending against the Scythians of the desert for life and power, how wonderful would have seemed the presage, when the mere concurrence of circumstances strikes the mind of those who look back upon it with awful veneration for the hidden ways of Providence!"

The allies pursued a successful course, and it is stated—

"Even Buonaparte himself was so much struck by the inextricable situation of his affairs after the defeat of La Rothière, that a thought occurred to him, which posterity, excepting on his own avowal, would hardly give credit to. The plan which suggested itself, was that of sacrificing his own authority to the peace of France, and of abdicating the crown in favour of the Bourbons, while he had yet the means of resistance in his possession. He felt he had reigned and combated long enough for his own glory, and justly thought that the measure of his renown would be filled up by such an act of generous self-denial. But a maxim occurred to him, (suggested, he says, by Mr. Fox,) that restored monarchs could never forgive those who had occupied their place. Probably his thoughts turned also to the murder of the Duke d'Enghien; for there was no other point of personal offence betwixt Buonaparte and the exiled family, which their restoration, if the event took place by his intervention, might not have fully atoned for. If our conjecture be real, it serves to show how such a crime operates in its consequences to obstruct its perpetrator in future attempts to recover the path of virtue and honour. Had Napoleon been really capable of the generous act of self-denial which he meditated, he must have been ranked, in despite of the doubtful points of his character, as one of the greatest men who ever lived. But the spirit of egotism and suspicion prevailed, and the hopes of accomplishing the discomfiture and defeat of the Silesian army, appeared preferable to meriting, by one act of disinterested devotion, the eternal gratitude of Europe; and the philosopher and friend of humanity relapsed into the warrior and conqueror. There is, no doubt, something meritorious in the conceiving of great and noble resolutions, even although they remain unrealised. But this patriotism of the imagination does not rise to a higher scale of merit than the sensibility of those who cannot hear a tale of sorrow without weeping, but whose sympathy never assumes the expensive form of actual charity."

At this critical era the author says that the Prince Regent of England was favourable to the restoration of the Bourbons; but some of his ministers feared the prolongation of the war, and thus England's interest in the royal cause was, at first, limited to good wishes. Alexander desired the Bourbons to be restored under the limitation of a free constitution. Prussia wished for the deposition of Napoleon;

while the policy of Austria was rather inclined the other way, or at all events (if Buonaparte fell) to the continuance of power in the persons of his Empress and Son. On the subject of the convention at Chatillon, it is Sir Walter's opinion that Buonaparte never seriously intended to make peace at that period. The contest soon became more decisive, and Paris was entered by the victorious allies. Talleyrand played a mighty part in the consequences which resulted from this grand measure: indeed, the author relates, "to the bold he offered an enterprise requiring courage; to the timid, (a numerous class at the time,) he showed the road of safety; to the ambitious, the prospect of gaining power; to the guilty, the assurance of indemnity and safety. He had inspired resolution even into the counsels of the allies. A note from him to the Emperor Alexander, in the following words, is said to have determined that Prince to persevere in the march upon Paris. "You venture nothing," said this laconic billet, "when you may safely venture every thing—venture once more." It is not to be supposed that Talleyrand wrought in this deep intrigue without active conductors. The Abbé de Pradt, whose lively works have so often given some interest to our pages, was deeply involved in the transactions of that busy period, and advocated the cause of the Bourbons against that of his former master. Bourbonville and other senators were engaged in the same cabals.

"Nevertheless, the state of the capital continued very alarming, the lower classes exhibiting alternately the symptoms of panic terror, of fury, and of despair. They demanded arms, of which a few were distributed to them; and there is no doubt, that had Napoleon arrived among them in the struggle, there would have been a dreadful battle, in which Paris, in all probability, would have shared the fate of Moscow. But when the cannonade ceased, when the flight of Joseph, and the capitulation of the city became publicly known, this conflict of jarring passions died away into silence, and the imperturbable and impassive composure of the national guard maintained the absolute tranquillity of the metropolis."

Buonaparte, however, was dissuaded from rushing into Paris: he retired to Fontainebleau; was proscribed by the allies as a sovereign with whom they could not safely treat; abdicated; and was conveyed to Elba. Among the curious particulars recorded at this time, we find that the dethroned monarch attempted to commit suicide, and was often in danger of being the victim of popular resentment on his route through the southern provinces of France,* by which route (so changeable are

* "At Montelimart, the exiled Emperor heard the last expressions of regard and sympathy. He was now approaching Provence, a region of which he had never possessed the affections, and was greeted with execrations and cries of—'Perish the Tyrant!'—Down with the butcher of our children! Matters looked worse as they advanced. On Monday, 25th April, when Sir Neil Campbell, having set out before Napoleon, arrived at Avignon, the officer upon guard anxiously inquired if the escort attending the Emperor was of strength sufficient to resist a popular disturbance, which was already on foot at the news of his arrival. The English commissioner entreated him to protect the passage of Napoleon by every means possible. It was agreed that the fresh horses should be posted at a different quarter of the town from that where it was natural to have expected the change. Yet the mob discovered and surrounded them, and it was with difficulty that Napoleon was saved from popular fury. Similar dangers attended him elsewhere, and, in order to avoid assassination, the ex-emperor of France was obliged to disguise himself as a postilion, or a domestic, anxiously altering from time to time the mode of his dress; ordering his servants to smoke in his presence; and inviting the commissioners, who travelled with him, to whistle or sing, that the incensed people might not be aware who was in the carriage. At Orgon, the mob brought before

the people) he returned in triumph within a very few months. It appears that Lord Castlereagh disapproved of the policy pursued by the allies on this occasion. The position of Buonaparte himself is thus painted:—

"Paris, so late the capital in which his will was law, and where to have uttered a word in his disparagement would have been thought worse than blasphemy, was become the scene of his rival's triumph and his own disgrace. The shouts which used to wait on the Emperor were now welcoming to the Tuilleries Monsieur, the brother of the restored King, who came in character of Lieutenant-general of the kingdom—the presses, which had so long laboured in disseminating the praises of the Emperor, were now exerting all their art and malice in exposing his real faults, and imputing to him such as had no existence. He was in the condition of the huntsman who was devoured by his own hounds. It was yet more affecting to see courtiers, dependants, and even domestics, who had lived in his smiles, dropping off, under different pretexts, to give in their adhesion to the Bourbons, and provide for their own fortune in the new world which had commenced at Paris. It is perhaps in such moments that human nature is seen in its very worst point of view; since the basest and most selfish points of the character, which, in the train of ordinary life, may never be awakened into existence, show themselves, and become the ruling principle, in such revolutions. Men are then in the condition of well-bred and decorous persons, transferred from an ordinary place of meeting to the whirlpool of a crowd, in which they soon demean themselves with all the selfish desire of their own safety or convenience, and all the total disregard for that of others, which the conscious habits of politeness have suppressed, but not eradicated. Friends and retainers drop from the unfortu-

him his own effigy dabbled with blood, and stopped his carriage till they displayed it before his eyes; and, in short, from Avignon to La Calade, he was grossly insulted in every town and village, and, but for the anxious interference of the commissioners, he would probably have been torn to pieces. The unkindness of the people seemed to make much impression on him. He even shed tears. He showed also more fear of assassination than seemed consistent with his approved courage; but it must be recollected, that the danger was of a new and peculiarly horrible description, and calculated to appeal many to whom the terror of a field of battle were familiar. The bravest soldier might shudder at a death like that of the De Witts. At La Calade he was equally nervous, and exhibited great fear of poison. When we reached Aix, precautions were taken by detachments of gens d'armes, as well as by parties of the allied troops, to ensure his personal safety. At a chateau called Boudillon, he had an interview with his sister Pauline. The curiosity of the lady of the house, and two or three females, made them also find their way to his presence. They saw a gentleman in an Austrian uniform. "Whom do you wish to see, ladies?" The Emperor Napoleon. "I am Napoleon." "You jest, sir," replied the ladies. "What! I suppose you expected to see me look more mischievous? Oh yes—confess that, since fortune is adverse to me, I must look like a rascal, a miscreant, a brigand. But do you know how all this has happened? Merely because I wished to place France above England. While on board the Undaunted, Napoleon spoke with great freedom of the facility with which he had outwitted and defeated the allies during the last campaign. 'The Silesian army,' he said, 'had given him most trouble. The old devil, Blucher, was no sooner defeated than he was willing to fight again.' But he considered his victory over Schwartzberg as certain, save for the defection of Marmont. Much more he said, with great apparent frankness, and seemed desirous to make himself in every respect agreeable to his companions on board. Even the seamen, who at first regarded him with wonder, mixed with suspicion, did not escape the charm of his affability, by which they were soon won over, all excepting the boatswain Hinton, a tar of the old school, who could never hear the Emperor's praises without muttering the vulgar but expressive phrase, 'Huzwag.' The honest boatswain, however, could understand and value what was said in Napoleon's merits. As he had to return thanks in the name of the ship's company for 300 louis with which the Emperor presented them, he wished 'his honour good health, and better luck the next time.'

nate Napoleon, like leaves from the fading tree; and those whom shame or commiseration yet detained near his person, waited but some decent pretext, like a rising breath of wind, to sweep them also away. The defection included all ranks, from Berthier, who shared his bosom councils, and seldom was absent from his side, to the Mameluke Rustan, who slept across the door of his apartment, and acted as a body-guard. It would be absurd to criticise the conduct of the poor African, but the fact and mode of Berthier's departure must not escape notice. He asked permission to go to Paris about some business, saying he would return next day. 'He will not return,' said Napoleon, calmly, to the Duke of Bassano. 'What!' said the minister, 'can these be the adieux of Berthier?' 'I tell you, yes—he will return no more.' The abdicated sovereign had, however, the consolation of seeing that the attachment of several faithful servants was only tried and purified by adversity, as gold is by fire.

"It must be also here mentioned, as an extraordinary addition to this tale of calamity, that Josephine, the former wife of Buonaparte, did not long survive his downfall. It seemed as if the Obi-woman of Martinico had spoke truth; for at the time when Napoleon parted from the sharer of his early fortunes, his grandeur was on the wane, and her death took place but a few weeks subsequent to his being dethroned and exiled. The Emperor of Russia had visited this lady, and showed her some attention, with which Napoleon, for reasons we cannot conjecture, was extremely displeased. She was amply provided for by the treaty of Fontainebleau, but did not survive to reap any benefit from the provision, as she shortly after sickened and died at her beautiful villa of Malmaison.

"While we endeavour to sum the mass of misfortunes with which Buonaparte was overwhelmed at this crisis, it seems as if Fortune had been determined to show that she did not intend to reverse the lot of humanity, even in the case of one who had been so long her favourite, but that she retained the power of depressing the obscure soldier, whom she had raised to be almost King of Europe, in a degree as humiliating as his exaltation had been splendid. All that three years before seemed inalienable from his person, was now reversed. The victor was defeated, the monarch was dethroned, the ransom of prisoners was in captivity, the general was deserted by his soldiers, the master abandoned by his domestics, the brother parted from his brethren, the husband severed from the wife, and the father torn from his only child. To console him for the fairest and largest empire that ambition ever larded it over, he had, with the mock name of Emperor, a petty isle, to which he was to retire, accompanied by the pity of such friends as dared express their feelings, the unexpressed execrations of many of his former subjects, who refused to regard his present humiliation as an amends for what he had made them suffer during his power, and the ill-concealed triumph of the enemies into whose hands he had been delivered."

The residence at Elba—the return—the adherence of Fouché and the revived Jacobins—the treachery of Ney—and the arrival at Paris, now occupy the page.

Replaced on the throne, the situation of the Emperor of Elba was one of infinite difficulty and unenviable elevation. Against a million of men in arms under the allied banners, he could hardly oppose a force of 200,000, durst

not appeal to the odious Conscription, and knew that many provinces of France were hostile to his cause. Still he evinced his accustomed energy. Paris was placed in a complete state of defence;—he precipitated himself on the Belgian frontier, defeated Blucher at Ligny, and advanced upon the British to the immortal Waterloo. The battle is briefly but finely described. Near its close, our "soldiers fired independently, as it is called; each man loading and discharging his piece as fast as he could. At length the British moved forward, as if to close round the heads of the columns, and at the same time continued to pour their shot upon the enemy's flanks. The French gallantly attempted to deploy, for the purpose of returning the discharge. But in their effort to do so, under so dreadful a fire, they stooped, staggered, became disordered, were blended into one mass, and at length gave way, retiring, or rather flying, in the utmost confusion. This was the last effort of the enemy, and Napoleon gave orders for the retreat; to protect which, he had now no troops left, save the last four battalions of the Old Guard, which had been stationed in the rear of the attacking columns. These threw themselves into squares, and stood firm. But at this moment the Duke of Wellington commanded the whole British line to advance; so that whatever the bravery and skill of these gallant veterans, they also were thrown into disorder, and swept away in the general rout, in spite of the efforts of Ney, who, having had his horse killed, fought sword in hand, and on foot, in the front of the battle, till the very last. That marshal, whose military virtues at least cannot be challenged, bore personal evidence against two circumstances, industriously circulated by the friends of Napoleon. One of these fictions occurs in his own bulletin, which charges the loss of the battle to a panic fear, brought about by the treachery of some unknown persons, who raised the cry of '*Sauve qui peut*.' Another figment, greedily credited at Paris, bore, that the four battalions of Old Guard, the last who maintained the semblance of order, answered a summons to surrender, by the magnanimous reply, 'The Guard can die, but cannot yield.' And one edition of the story adds, that thereupon the battalions made a half wheel inwards, and discharged their muskets into each others' bosoms, to save themselves from dying by the hands of the English. Neither the original reply, nor the pretended self-sacrifice of the Guard, have the slightest foundation. Cambrone, in whose mouth the speech was placed, gave up his own sword, and remained prisoner; and the military conduct of the French Guard is better eulogised by the undisputed truth, that they fought to extremity, with the most unyielding constancy, than by imputing to them an act of regimental suicide upon the lost field of battle. Every attribute of brave men they have a just right to claim. It is no compliment to ascribe to them that of madmen. Whether the words were used by Cambrone or no, the Guard well deserved to have them inscribed on their monument."⁶

Buonaparte's statements respecting this mighty battle, as reported by Gourgaud, are sifted by the author; and it is demonstrated, that they are neither true as they regarded his own generals (especially Ney and Grouchy), nor just as they regarded his conqueror, Wel-

* When the author states that the victorious allied generals met at La Belle Alliance, after the battle—he is mistaken, if he means that Blucher and Wellington were the generals who so met—Ed. L. G.

lington. Sir Walter defends our great commander from the charge of having been surprised.

"The Duke," he relates, "could not stir from Brussels, or concentrate his forces, until he had certain information of those of the enemy; and it is said that a French statesman, who had promised to send him a copy of the plan of Buonaparte's campaign, contrived by a trick of policy to evade keeping his word.* We do not mean to deny the talent and activity displayed by Buonaparte, who, if he could have brought forward his whole army upon the evening of the 15th of June, might probably have succeeded in preventing the meditated junction of Blücher and Wellington. But the celebrated prayer for annihilation of time and space, would be as little reasonable in the mouth of a general as of a lover, and, fettered by the limitations against which that modest petition is directed, Buonaparte failed in bringing forward in due time a sufficient body of forces to carry all before him at Quatre Bras; while, on the other hand, the Duke of Wellington, from the same obstacles of time and space, could not assemble a force sufficient to drive Ney before him, and enable him to advance to the support of Blücher during the action of Ligny."†

The grand combinations of the British and Prussians are set in a clear light—

"The same system which placed Blücher in motion, required that the Duke of Wellington should maintain his position by confining himself to a strictly defensive contest. The British, as they were to keep their place at all risks, so on no temptation of partial success were they to be induced to advance. Every step which they might have driven the French backward, before the coming up of the Prussians, would have been a disadvantage as far as it went, since the object was not to beat the enemy by the efforts of the English only, which in the state of the two armies, might only have amounted to a repulse, but to detain them in the position of La Belle Alliance, until the army of Blücher should come up. When Napoleon, therefore, objects to the conduct of the Duke of Wellington on the 18th, that he did not manoeuvre in the time of action, he objects to the very circumstance which rendered the victory of the day so decisive. He was himself decoyed into, and detained in a position, until his destruction was rendered inevitable. It has been a favourite assertion with almost all the French, and some English writers, that the English were on the point of being defeated, when the Prussian force came up. The

* "This was Fouché, who seems to have been engaged in secret correspondence with all and sundry of the belligerent powers, while he was Minister of Police under Napoleon. In his Memoirs, he is made to boast that he contrived to keep his word to the Duke of Wellington, by sending the plan of Buonaparte's campaign by a female, a Flemish postmistress, whom he laid wait for on the frontier, and caused to be arrested. Thus he kept the word of promise to the ear,

And broke it to the sense.
This story, we have some reason to believe, is true. One of the marvels of our times is, how Fouché, after having been the mainpring of such a complication of plots and counterplots, revolutionary and counter-revolutionary intrigues, contrived after all to die in his bed."

† "Some people have been silly enough to consider the Duke of Wellington's being surprised as a thing indubitable, because the news of the French advance first reached him in a ball-room. It must be supposed that these good men's idea of war is, that a general should sit smiling with his truncheon in his hand, like a statue in the midst of a city market-place, until the tidings come which call him to the field."

Free is his heart who for his country fights;

He on the eve of battle may resign

Himself to social pleasures—sweetest then,

When danger to the soldier's soul endears

The human joy that never may return.

Home's Douglas.

contrary is the truth. The French had attacked, and the British had resisted, from past eleven until near seven o'clock, and though the battle was most bloody, the former had gained no advantage save at the wood of Hougomont, and the farm-house of La Haye Sainte: both they gained, but speedily lost. Baron Muffling has given the most explicit testimony, 'that the battle could have afforded no favourable result to the enemy, even if the Prussians had never come up.' He was an eye-witness, and an unquestionable judge, and willing, doubtless, to carry the immediate glory acquired by his countrymen on this memorable occasion, and in which he had a large personal stake, as high as truth and honour will permit. At the time when Napoleon made the last effort, Bulow's troops were indeed upon the field, but had not made any physical impression by their weapons, or excited any moral dread by their appearance. Napoleon announced to all his guard, whom he collected and formed for that final exertion, that the Prussians whom they saw were closely pursued by the French of Grouchy's army. He himself, perhaps, had that persuasion; for the fire of Grouchy's artillery, supposed to be a league and a half, but in reality nearly three leagues distant, was distinctly heard; and some one of Napoleon's suite saw the smoke from the heights above Wavre. 'The battle,' he said, 'is won; we must force the English position, and throw them upon the defiles.—*Allons! La Garde en avant!*'* Accordingly, they then made the attack in the evening, when they were totally repulsed, and chased back upon, and beyond, their own position. Thus, before the Prussians came into serious action, Napoleon had done his utmost, and had not a corps remaining in order, excepting four battalions of the Old Guard. It cannot be therefore said that our allies afforded the British army protection from an enemy that was totally disorganised; but that for which the Prussians do deserve the gratitude of Britain and of Europe, is the generous and courageous confidence with which they marched at so many risks to assist in the action, and the activity and zeal with which they completed the victory. It is universally acknowledged, that the British army, exhausted by so long a conflict, could not have availed themselves of the disorder of their enemy at its conclusion; while, on the contrary, nothing could exceed the dexterity and rapidity with which the Prussians conducted the pursuit. The laurels of Waterloo must be divided,—the British won the battle, the Prussians achieved and rendered available the victory."

The ninth and last volume is now in our hands, but need not detain us long. Buonaparte's capture and exile to St. Helena are fully treated: and, above all, there is an ample and original account of the celebrated interview between him and Lord Keith on the 31st July. Upon this subject the observations are very pointed.

"The interest attaching to the foregoing interview betwixt Napoleon and the gentlemen sent to announce his doom, loses much, when we regard it in a great measure as an empty personification of feeling, a well-painted passion which was not in reality felt. Napoleon,

* "He gave the same explanation when on board of the Northumberland. General Gourgaud had inaccurately stated that the Emperor had mistaken the corps of Bulow for that of Grouchy. Napoleon explained that this was not the case, but that he had opposed a sufficient force to those Prussians whom he saw in the field, and concluded that Grouchy was closing up on their flank and rear."

as will presently appear, was not serious in averring that he had any encouragement from Captain Maitland to come on board his ship, save in the character of a prisoner, to be placed at the Prince Regent's discretion. Neither had he the most distant idea of preventing his removal to the Northumberland, either by violence to himself, or any one else. Both topics of declamation were only used for show,—the one to alarm the sense of honour entertained by the Prince Regent and the people of England, and the other to work upon their humanity. There is little doubt that Napoleon saw the probability of the St. Helena voyage, so soon as he surrendered himself to the Captain of the Bellerophon. He had affirmed that there was a purpose of transferring him to St. Helena or St. Lucie, even before he left Elba; and if he thought the English capable of sending him to such banishment while he was under the protection of the treaty of Fontainebleau, he could hardly suppose that they would scruple to execute such a purpose, after his own conduct had deprived him of all the immunities with which that treaty had invested him. Nevertheless, while aware that his experiment might possibly thus terminate, Napoleon may have hoped a better issue, and conceived himself capable of cajoling the Prince Regent and his administration into hazarding the safety and the peace of Europe, in order to display a Quixotic generosity towards an individual, whose only plea for deserving it was, that he had been for twenty years their mortal enemy. Such hopes he may have entertained; for it cannot be expected that he was to acknowledge even to himself the personal disqualifications which rendered him, in the eyes of all Europe, unworthy of trust or confidence. His expectation of a favourable reception did not go so far, in all likelihood, as those of the individual among his followers, who expected that Napoleon would receive the Order of the Garter from the Prince Regent; but he might have hoped to be permitted to reside in Britain on the same terms as his brother Lucien. Doubtless, he calculated upon, and perhaps overrated, all these more favourable chances. Yet, if the worst should arrive, he saw even in that worst, that Island of St. Helena itself, the certainty of personal safety, which he could not be assured of in any despotic country, where, as he himself must have known pretty well, an obnoxious prisoner, or *détenu*, may lose his life *par négligence*, without any bustle or alarm being excited upon the occasion. Upon the 16th August, while on his passage to St. Helena, he frankly acknowledged, that though he had been deceived in the reception he had expected from the English, still, harshly and unfairly as he thought himself treated, he found comfort from knowing that he was under the protection of British laws, which he could not have enjoyed had he gone to another country, where his fate would have depended upon the caprice of an individual. This we believe to be the real secret of his rendition to England, in preference to his father-in-law of Austria, or his friend in Russia. He might, in the first named country, be kept in custody, more or less severe; but he would be at least secure from perishing of some political disease. Even while at St. Helena, he allowed, in an interval of good-tempered candour, that comparing one place of exile to another, St. Helena was entitled to the preference. In higher latitudes, he observed, they would have suffered from cold, and in any other tropical island they would have been burned to death. At St. He-

lena the country was wild and savage, the climate monotonous, and unfavourable to health, but the temperature was mild and pleasing."

We believe that Buonaparte, however, would have been glad to be nearer the scene of action, that he might have an opportunity to play the evasion of Elba over again. The treatment of Buonaparte while a prisoner at Saint Helena, and all his alleged grievances, as well as the complaints and accusations of his followers, are discussed with great ability; but we have no space to enter upon these much-agitated topics.

From the conclusion of the whole, however, we select all that we can, though that all is only a few detached passages.

"His personal and private character was decidedly amiable, excepting in one particular. His temper, when he received, or thought he received, provocation, especially if of a personal character, was warm and vindictive. He was, however, placable in the case even of his enemies, providing that they submitted to his mercy; but he had not that species of generosity which respects the sincerity of a manly and fair opponent. On the other hand, no one was a more liberal rewarder of the attachment of his friends. He was an excellent husband, a kind relation, and, unless when state policy intervened, a most affectionate brother."

"A calculator by nature and by habit, Napoleon was fond of order, and a friend to that moral conduct in which order is best exemplified. The libels of the day have made some scandalous averments to the contrary, but without adequate foundation. Napoleon respected himself too much, and understood the value of public opinion too well, to have plunged into general or vague debauchery. Considering his natural disposition, then, it may be assumed, that if Napoleon had continued in the vale of private life, and no strong temptation of passion or revenge had crossed his path, he must have been generally regarded as one whose friendship was every way desirable, and whose enmity it was not safe to incur."

"Arrived at the possession of supreme power, a height that dazzles and confounds so many, Napoleon seemed only to occupy the station for which he was born, to which his peculiar powers adapted him, and his brilliant career of success gave him, under all circumstances, an irresistible claim. He continued, therefore, with a calm mind and enlightened wisdom, to consider the means of rendering his power stable, of destroying the republican impulse, and establishing a monarchy, of which he destined himself to be the monarch."

"In practice, his government was brilliant abroad, and, with few exceptions, liberal and moderate at home. The abominable murder of the Duc d'Enghien showed the vindictive spirit of a savage; but, in general, the public actions of Napoleon, at the commencement of his career, were highly laudable. The battle of Marengo, with its consequences,—the softening of civil discord, the reconciliation with the church of Rome, the recall of the great body of the emigrants, and the revivification of national jurisprudence,—were all events calculated to flatter the imagination, and even gain the affections, of the people."

"Having, therefore, attained the summit of human power, he proceeded, advisedly and deliberately, to lay the foundation of his throne on that democratic principle which had opened his own career, and which was the throwing open to merit, though without further title, the road to success in every department of the state. This was the secret key of Napoleon's

policy; and he was so well aided in the use of it, by acute perception of character, as well as by good nature and good feeling (both of which, in his cooler moments, he possessed), that he never, through all his vicissitudes, lost an opportunity of conciliating and pleasing the multitude by evincing a well-timed attention to distinguish and reward talent. To this his conversation perpetually alluded; and for this he claims, and is entitled to, the highest praise. We have little hesitation in repeating, that it was this, opening a full career to talent of every kind, which was the key-stone of his reputation, and the main foundation of his power."

[A deserved and noble compliment.]

"His ambition was a modification of selfishness, sublime indeed in its effects and consequences, but yet, when strictly analyzed, leaving little but egotism in the crucible. Our readers are not, however, to suppose, that the selfishness of Napoleon was of that ordinary and odious character, which makes men miserly, oppressive, and fraudulent in private life; or which, under milder features, limits their exertions to such enterprises as may contribute to their own individual profit, and closes the heart against feelings of patriotism, or of social benevolence. Napoleon's egotism and love of self was of a far nobler and more elevated kind, though founded on similar motives,—just as the wings of the eagle, who soars into the regions of the sun, move on the same principles with those which cannot bear the dunghill fowl over the pales of the poultry-yard. To explain our meaning, we may add, that Napoleon loved France, for France was his own. He studied to confer benefits upon her, for the profit redounded to her Emperor, whether she received amended institutions, or enlarged territories. He represented, as he boasted, the People as well as the Sovereign of France; he engrossed in his own person her immunities, her greatness, her glory, and was bound to conduct himself so as to exalt at the same time the Emperor and the empire. Still, however, the Sovereign and the state might be, and at length actually were, separated; and the egotistical character of Buonaparte could, after that separation, find amusement and interest in the petty isle of Elba, to which his exertions were then limited. Like the magic tent in the Arabian Tales, his faculties could expand to enclose half a world, with all its cares and destinies, or could accommodate themselves to the concerns of a petty rock in the Mediterranean, and his own conveniences when he retreated to its precincts. We believe that while France acknowledged Napoleon as Emperor, he would cheerfully have laid down his life for her benefit; but we greatly doubt, if, by merely raising his finger, he could have made her happy under the Bourbons, whether (unless the merit of the action had redounded to his own personal fame,) that finger would have been lifted. In a word, his feelings of self-interest were the central point of a circle, the circumference of which may be extended or contracted at pleasure, but the centre itself remains fixed and unchanged."

"To the egotism of Napoleon we may also trace the general train of deception which marked his public policy, and, when speaking upon subjects in which his own character was implicated, his private conversation."

"It is no less remarkable, that Napoleon, though himself a soldier and a distinguished one, could never allow a tribute of candid praise to the troops and generals by whom he was successfully opposed. In mentioning his

victories, he frequently bestows commendation upon the valour and conduct of the vanquished. This was an additional and more delicate mode of praising himself and his own troops, by whom these enemies were overthrown. But he never allows any merit to those by whom he was defeated in turn. He professes never to have seen the Prussian troops behave well, save at Jena, or the Russians, but at Austerlitz. Those armies of the same nations, which he both saw and felt in the campaigns of 1812 and 1813, and before whom he made such disastrous retreats as those of Moscow and Leipsic, were, according to his expressions, mere canaille. In the same manner, when he details an action in which he triumphed, he is sure to boast, like the old Grecian, (very justly perhaps,) that in this Fortune had no share; while his defeats are entirely and exclusively attributed to the rage of the elements, the combination of some most extraordinary and unexpected circumstances, the failure of some of his lieutenants or marshals, or, finally, the obstinacy of the general opposed, who, by mere dint of stupidity, blundered into success through circumstances which should have insured his ruin. In a word, from one end of Napoleon's works to the other, he has scarcely allowed himself to be guilty of a single fault or a single folly, excepting of that kind, which, arising from an over confidence and generosity, men secretly claim as merits, while they affect to give them up as matters of censure. If we credit his own word, we must believe him to have been a faultless and impeccable being. If we do not, we must set him down as one that, where his own reputation was concerned, told his story with a total disregard to candour and truth."

"The faults of Buonaparte, we conclude as we commenced, were rather those of the sovereign and politician, than of the individual. Wisely is it written, that if we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. It was the inordinate force of ambition which made him the scourge of Europe; it was his efforts to disguise that selfish principle, that made him combine fraud with force, and establish a regular system for deceiving those whom he could not subdue. Had his natural disposition been coldly cruel, like that of Octavius, or had he given way to the warmth of his temper, like other despots, his private history, as well as that of his campaigns, must have been written in letters of blood. If, instead of asserting that he never committed a crime, he had limited his self-eulogy to asserting, that in attaining and wielding supreme power, he had resisted the temptation to commit many, he could not have been contradicted. And this is no small praise. His system of government was false in the extreme. It comprehended the slavery of France, and aimed at the subjugation of the world. But to the former he did much to requite them for the jewel of which he robbed them. He gave them a regular government, schools, institutions, courts of justice, and a code of laws. In Italy, his rule was equally splendid and beneficial. The good effects which arose to other countries from his reign and character, begin also to be felt, though unquestionably they are not of the kind which he intended to produce. His invasions, tending to reconcile the discords which existed in many states between the governors and governed, by teaching them to unite together against a common enemy, have gone far to loosen the feudal yoke, to enlighten the mind both of prince and people, and have led

to many admirable results, which will not be the less durably advantageous, that they have arisen, and are arising, slowly, and without contest. In closing the *Life of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE*, we are called upon to observe, that he was a man tried in the two extremities of the most exalted power and the most inef- fable calamity: and if he occasionally appeared presumptuous when supported by the armed force of half a world, or unreasonably queru- lous when imprisoned within the narrow limits of St. Helena, it is scarcely within the capacity of those whose steps have never led them be- yond the middle path of life, to estimate either the strength of the temptations to which he yielded, or the force of mind which he opposed to those which he was able to resist."

To the readers of the *Literary Gazette* we have to apologise for what may appear dis- jointed and insufficient in this (of necessity) very hurried paper. We throw ourselves upon their consideration on the ground that, how- ever imperfectly we have performed our task, the labour and exertion of laying these two sheets before them, filled with matter so re- cently from the press, and collected over so large a mass—have been of no light order.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, June 23.—Thursday last the follow- ing degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—J. Ingham, University College, Grand Compounder; H. Cary, Scholar of Worcester College; Rev. J. T. Parker, Rev. E. Palling, Queen's College; G. Bowen, Rev. J. Troughton, Christ Church; Rev. H. J. Passand, St. Alban Hall; Rev. E. W. Wakeman, Rev. C. Turner, Wadham College; Rev. B. Boucher, Rev. J. G. Round, Balliol College; Rev. J. T. Waring, Exeter College; Rev. E. Falle, Scholar of Pembroke College.
Bachelors of Arts.—T. Tunnard, St. Mary Hall, Grand Compounder; W. J. Meech, Fellow of New College; H. Forbes, St. G. Bourke, St. Mary Hall; W. Pye, Student of Christ Church; C. Hesketh, T. Dudley, Trinity College; R. Hawkins, Scholar of Pembroke College.

FOREIGN LITERATURE: NEW REVIEW.

THE Reviews of this country have generally professed, and occasionally attempted, to give light as to the state of literature among the nations of the Continent; but it cannot be denied that in such endeavours they have been altogether unsuccessful. The truth is, that the rapidity of literary production at home de- mands their utmost exertions, and leaves no space for more than a few unsatisfactory glimpses of what is going on in the correspond- ing departments of intellectual labour abroad. The modern literature of France is distin- guished by a depth and accuracy of thought and learning entirely unexampled in the former periods of that nation. Italy was never more enviable for poetry and elegance than she now is for science and criticism. Spain pro- duces every year works both of imagination and information not unworthy of her old fame. Denmark and Sweden have their eminent poets, whose works are regularly translated into German, and sustain a comparison with the best contemporary performances of the other countries of Europe. Lastly, Germany alone gives out annually almost as many new books as England and France put together; and whether we look to the fields of fiction or to the graver departments of history, jurispru- dence, medicine, theology, and abstract science generally, it is not to be denied, that the authors of that country as a body are justly entitled to an equality of rank with the highest of their rivals. Of all this mass of knowledge and genius, what are the English public told in the peri- odical works now in circulation amongst us?—

The answer must be—all but nothing.

We are sure, then, that every reader will

enter into the feelings of pleasurable anticipa- tion, with which, in this state of matters, we receive the announcement of the "New Quarterly Review of Foreign Literature and Science," which Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz have just put forth. We understand that the editors make no vain boast, when they assert that they have already secured the co-operation of many of the most eminent men of letters both here and in Scotland, and look forward to the appearance of their first number as likely to create as great an impression of novelty and interest as has attended the commencement of any journal hitherto published in Great Britain. It is truly surprising that a field so wide and so rich should have been left so long to all intents and purposes untouched, in the midst of the extraordinary energy and ambition of literary adventure, for which the present period is more than any preceding one remarkable.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WHITE SHIP.

"STRIKE the sails again, and drop
Your anchor by the shore;
Our purple cup has yet to make
A few glad circles more.
Fair sister, seat thee by my side—
Another health to thee:
Yon sky shall lose its rival blush,
Ere we pass o'er the sea.
I call on thee, thou minstrel young,
To praise the ruby tide;"

Thus spoke the young Prince Henry,
And soon the song replied:—

SONG.

Deep, deep, drain the cup,
Or leave its wealth untasted—
Deep, deep, drain the cup,
Or its best gift is wasted.
Drink not of the purple wine
For a moment's gladness—
Flashing wit and careless laugh
Are but transient madness;—
There's sparkling light floats on the bowl,
There's flashing mirth within it:
But its deep forgetfulness
Is the best spell in it.
Drain the red wine till it be
Lethet to life's sorrow;
'Tis something to forget to-day
That there must come to-morrow.

'Twas sad; for aye have lute and bard
Held prophecy of tone;
But, like the shadow of a bird,
Soon was the sadness flown.
And redder, redder grew the sky,
And redder grew the brine—
The lighter rose the laugh and song,
The gayer past the wine.
'Twas like a court of fairy land,
Held by the silver main—
The young prince, and his sister fair,
Their gay and gallant train.

The first star is upon the east,
The last upon the west,
And both are, but one tinge more pale,
Mirror'd on ocean's breast.
No cloud is on the face of heaven,
No ruffle on the deep,
And there is but such gentle wind
As o'er the lute might sweep.
The last wine-cup is drained, and now,
Fair ship, they crowd to thee.
Ah! these are but unsteady hands
To guide thee o'er the sea.
But still it was a gallant sight
To see her breast the tide;

The queen-like countess on the deck,
The royal youth beside:
And all was bright, as the White Ship
Cut through the sparkling spray;
Though still her shadow, omen like,
Dark on the waters lay.

One long, wild shriek—that hidden rock!
The ship has perished there:—
"Back with you all, out with the boat,
Save England's royal heir."
"Pause, on your lives!" Back sprung
The prince

Upon the shattered deck:
"My sister!" Safely in his arms
He bore her from the wreck.

Cold, pale, the morning slowly broke;
Upheld upon the mast,
Two, only two, remained to tell
What in that night had past.

The one was master of that ship,
That fair ship nothing now—
O never more he'll set her sails,
Or guide her stately prow!
He thought but of his royal freight:
"Is he among the dead?"

"I saw," the other said, "the wave
Close o'er Prince Henry's head."
"And who shall to our native shore
The dismal tidings bear;

And tell the king he has no son,
The throne it has no heir?"
"Not I, not I, my noble prince,
At least I'll share thy grave!"
The master loosed his hold and plunged
Beneath the fated wave.

Wo was in merry England,
A deep and lasting wo—
A father wept above the sea,
His children slept below. L. E. L.

THE DEMON-SHIP.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the
sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were
mustered at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the
solid night [light]
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea
and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack
held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded
for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little
boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne
upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the
straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce
assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what
jagged steep behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild
tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted
in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallopp'd
in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and
cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a
sailor's shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course
was nearly run! [in one!]
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd

With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scoping sea contain'd one only wave at last!

Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave!

Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—

I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base! [mine!]

I saw its alpine hoary head impending over Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine!

Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;

The waters closed—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam!

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed— [a weed.]

For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as

“Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?”

With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;

My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—

And was that ship a *real* ship, whose tackle seem'd around?

A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;

But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?

A face, that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone;

But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight

As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night!

I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes

Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—

Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare—

Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion and she-bear—

Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—

Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!

Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—

All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—

Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all agast—

But nothing like that *GRIMLY ONE* who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:

His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;

His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,

His breast was black—all, all, was black except his grinning teeth.

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as African slaves!

Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the ink waves!

“Alas!” I cried, “for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,

Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?”

What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?

It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has won my soul!

Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguill'd

My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child:

My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:

I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!”

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return

His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stern to stern—

A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—

As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:

A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,

With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.

They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole:—

“Our skins,” said he, “are black ye see, because we carry coal;

You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—

For this—here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!” T. H.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

HORTICULTURAL FETE.—The grand fete at Chiswick Garden was very numerously and splendidly attended. The fashionables had a famous scramble for chickens, ices, cakes; jellies, and sweetmeats:—several fair hands were lost (by pulling) in the mêlée, but the wounds are not considered dangerous; though it is not improbable that an appeal to arms hereafter may be the result to some of the parties engaged in these affrays. The weather was fine; there was a long string of carriages; the dresses were gay; fond misses met their lovers,—and it is utterly impossible but to reckon such a thing the perfection of pleasure in this sublunary world. Those who had not the means of enjoying these exquisite gratifications—coaches, fine clothes, and beaux—cried their eyes out at home; and since the period, London has, in consequence, been a scene of extraordinary blindness.

VAUXHALL.

BRING an old frequenter of Vauxhall Gardens in their better days, I felt as pleased at your late sensible exposition of the impositions recently introduced, as regret at the introduction of them; but there is another and a greater cause for complaint on the part of the public. Last year the price of admission at the doors (for there are several internal claims for extra charges) was raised from 3s. 6d. to 4s. each person, for the expressed purpose of defraying the increased charges of management, by the engagement of Mr. Braham, Miss Stephens, Madame Vestris, Signor Spagnoletti, &c. &c. Well,—the Vauxhall-going public submitted to this, as it was for the comforts of a superior concert, and for bringing the opera across the water with a first-rate *corps de ballet*: but what excuse, Mr. Editor, is there for continuing this imposition of sixpence, upon the first admission, now that the exhibition is bereft of these stars, which was the alleged reason for imposing it, and has sunk greatly below the rank it has ever hitherto maintained—I speak with

reference to half a century, at least? Why this;—because this extra *sixpence* upon one hundred thousand persons, which is the lowest estimate, taking the season through, puts above 5,000*l.* more into the treasury, in addition to *juvenile fetes*, for infusing poison into the youthful minds of little holiday masters and misses, who have frequented this scene of midnight revelry to the extent of ten thousand in one evening, according to the advertisements of the gardens. Of the increased and increasing conveniences for those who go for other amusements than the illuminations, it is for the neighbouring magistracy to take cognizance.

I am, &c. &c.

SUBSIDIENS.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THERE has been nothing new at this house since the production of *Marie Stuart*; but though the season is drawing to a close, several novelties are talked of as being in preparation, of which the most prominent are an opera on the subject of the woes of Didone, composed by Mercadante, and revivals of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and his *Clemenza di Tito*. Madame Pasta is to perform in the first and last of these dramas. We have had more than one occasion to speak of the activity of the management this season, in the course of which, the public amusement has been administered to by a greater variety of operas and singers than we recollect since the judicious and successful direction of the late Mr. Gould, now nearly twenty years ago. Two operas unknown to this country, and one expressly composed for this theatre (*La Vestale*, *La Schiava in Egitto*, and *Marie Stuart*), have been already produced; and in the selection of the others a very sound taste has been manifested. With regard to vocal performers we have had a still greater variety of succession, independent of the company already established at the house. Zuchelli, Miss Aytton, Signora Toso, Madame Brizzi, Galli, Brambilla, and, lastly, Madame Pasta, form a superior list. There can be no doubt the lessee has acquitted himself well—and has, in our judgment, generally deserved well of the public. We have been induced to make these remarks, in order to convince the frequenters of the Opera that the exertions of Mr. Ebers entitle him to their patronage on his benefit-night, should he be (as is reported) inclined to take one. The management of so large a concern as the King's Theatre, which is always arduous, and often hazardous, should be supported when, as in the present case, it has been conducted with so much spirit, and, with a few exceptions, such good judgment. Nothing but a long experience of the difficulties attending so vast an undertaking, could possibly have carried it through with the success which has, in the present season, attended it.

DRURY LANE.—The energy and abilities of Mr. Price have brought the season at this long unfortunate theatre to a prosperous close; and the prospect of the next is still more pro-

• We insert this letter as we received it; but we are by no means friendly to a busy magistracy interfering too much with, and putting down, popular pastimes. We perfectly agree with the writer, however, that by changing its character, Vauxhall has lost much of its attraction. It was infinitely better as a rural fete when the admission was ONE SHILLING, and infinitely more appropriate for the recreation of persons pent all their days in a dusty city, than now, when the price of entrance alone is qualifying (besides other charges), and the amusements are those of the minor theatres, or the more noisy and smoky nuisance of war in mockery.—Ed. L. G.

missing. Jones has been engaged, Macready is expected back from America; and indeed in every quarter we hear of popular talents of every kind having been secured for the next campaign.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Opens on Monday with an effective company, and musical treats of the highest order in preparation. For the lovers of laugh, also, Peake is working away; and Mathews will appear upon the scene to diversify harmony with the foremost comic talents.

VARIETIES.

NATIONAL POLITY AND FINANCE.—In the midst of the various plans which have been agitated during the present Session of Parliament—the corn, the currency, the banking questions—it is to be lamented, that though some of the authorities adopted the principles, and others adopted parts of the machinery, which were explained in the *Literary Gazette* last year,* no one has brought that plan entirely and specifically forward. Convinced as we are that it would relieve the country from its difficulties, and elevate it to the highest pitch of prosperity, we again beg to press its candid consideration on the attention of the legislature and the public.

Beethoven.—The following few anecdotes of this eminent composer are said to be authentic. After Beethoven became deaf he spoke very little, but used to write down all his answers on the parchment of his pocket-book. Having been asked his opinion on the merits of Rosini, he wrote down, "a good metrical painter." His brother once sent him a note addressed, Beethoven, Esq.; he returned it after having altered the word *esquire* into *esprit*. He paid no attention to dress; though he was never in want, and always boasted of being independent. His not appearing more in society was owing to his natural diffidence, particularly when in company with ladies. The piano on which he composed all his master-pieces was almost always out of tune, and some of its wires entirely broken.

The Nerves.—It results (as is confidently affirmed in foreign journals) from a course of experiments instituted on the subject, that the supposition of the late M. Bogros, a young French surgeon, that the nerves are tubular, is unfounded. That they are full of blood-vessels seems certain; but no trace of any thing like a canal through them can be discovered.

Physiology.—The French Academy has offered a prize for the best description of the origin and distribution of the nerves in fish.

Weavers.—It is well known that weavers are obliged to carry on their trade in the lower apartments of houses, in consequence of the humidity which is essential to the operation of weaving. A plan has been proposed in France to obviate this inconvenience, and to enable workmen of this class to consult their health by establishing their looms in light and dry rooms. This plan is the addition of a certain quantity of muriate of lime to the wash or dressing of the web; which salt, being of a deliquescent nature, prevents the web from drying too rapidly. Further experiment, however, seems to be necessary before this ingenious suggestion is generally adopted.

Musical Composition.—A very valuable musical manuscript by Guillaume de Machaut,

who was *vaut-de-chambre* to Philippe-le-Bel, in 1307, has been discovered in the Royal Library at Paris. It contains several French and Latin anthems, ballads, &c.; and concludes with a mass which is supposed to have been sung at the coronation of Charles the Fifth, in 1364; and which proves, that at that time they were acquainted with the art of composition in four parts.

Vinegar.—The manufacture of vinegar deserves to be classed among the chemical arts, since the means of extracting this acid from wood, by carbonisation, have been discovered. The fabrication of vinegar from fermented liquors was known to the Israelites, and to other eastern nations. Boaz says to Ruth, "Eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar." Notwithstanding its ancient origin, however, this art was only empirical, until the birth of pneumatic chemistry. A curious treatise has been published at Paris, by M. Julia-Fontenelle, on the theory of vinous and acetous fermentation; on the various phenomena which succeed one another during its occurrence; and on the causes which produce, accelerate, or retard it. The whole art of vinegar-making rests on fundamental principles. The author of this treatise describes the various processes followed in various countries; and concludes with an explanation of the means of manufacturing vinegar from wood.

Bohemian Theatricals.—Attempts have long been making, but in vain, to expel the Bohemian dialect from Bohemia, and to substitute the German, which is the idiom of the Austrian government. The hopelessness of this effort has at length been discovered; and in order to gratify that part of the population of Prague, consisting of two thirds of it, which is ignorant of any but its native dialect, a Bohemian theatre has lately been established at Prague.

Hieroglyphics.—M. Champollion, jun. has published a refutation of M. de Goulianoff's supposed discovery of acrologial hieroglyphics. He maintains that M. de Goulianoff has entirely misapprehended Horapollon, who evidently treated hieroglyphics as symbolical, or ideographic; and he contends, that to imagine that the representation of any one object is to be understood as standing for any other object, the name of which has the same initial letter,—for instance, to imagine that a cabbage stands for a cow, a horse for a hog, or a kitten for a king,—is to imagine that the art of Egyptian writing consisted of the knowledge and use of an infinite number of puns and rebuses.

Medicine and Surgery.—The Académie des Sciences has adjudged a prize of 10,000 francs to Messrs. Pelletier and Caventou for their discovery of sulphate of quinine; and another prize of 10,000 francs to M. Civiale, for having been the first to practise lithotomy on the living body, and for having successfully operated by this method on a great number of patients afflicted with the stone. Several smaller prizes have been given to various individuals for improvements in the art of healing.

Arabic Writing.—It appears by a recent treatise on the history of writing among the Arabs of the Hedjaz, from the pen of Baron Silvestre de Sacy, that the characters called *neskhy*, of which the writing used by the Mahometan nations is formed at the present day, were known before the time of Ebn-Mokla, to whom the invention of them has hitherto been attributed. That celebrated vizier flourished in the fourth century of the hejira, and died in 326 (937 of our era). Now, there exists two papyri, written in *neskhy* characters, bearing the certain date of the year 133. These two

papyri, which contain passports given to two Egyptians, were sent to Paris some years ago, by M. Drovetti, the French Consul-general in Egypt. They furnished at the time the subject of a paper by M. de Sacy, inserted in the *Journal des Savans*, in which he began to express great doubts with regard to the epoch of the invention of the *neskhy* characters; and conceived himself entitled to deny the honour of it to the Vizier Abou-Aly, Ebn-Mokla, or to his father, Abou-Abd-Allah Hassan. M. de Sacy's early inductions have been fully confirmed by two new papyri, which have been sent to him, bearing the date of the first century of the hejira; that is, of the epoch of the invasion of Egypt by the Mussulmans. What adds a high degree of importance and authenticity to these documents is, that they mention personages known in history. It thus seems to be proved that the mode of writing adopted at the present day by all the Mahometan nations, was already much in use in the seventh century of the Christian era, as the Egyptian government then availed themselves of it in their public acts.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. J. R. Young, author of an *Elementary Treatise on Algebra*, will shortly publish *Elements of Geometry*, containing a New and Universal Treatise on the Doctrine of Proportion, together with Notes, in which are pointed out and corrected some important errors that have hitherto remained unnoticed in the writings of Geometers; also an examination of the various Theories of Parallel Lines that have been proposed by Legendre, Bertrand, Ivory, &c.

Ornithology, or the Birds: a Poem with an Introduction to their Natural History, and Copious Notes—long since announced by Mr. Jennings, will now, it is stated, appear in autumn. The Lecture given at the Mechanics' Institution, by the same Gentleman, on the Nature and Operations of the Human Mind, is also in the press.

The pleasant History of Thomas of Reading, or the Six Worthies Yeomen of the West, by that indefatigable ballad-writer Thomas Delony, will form the third part of Mr. W. J. Thoms's *Early Prose Romances*.

Letters of Pestalozzi.—Mr. J. P. Graves will have ready for early publication, a Translation of a Series of Letters on Infant Education, addressed to him by the late Mr. Pestalozzi.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, by the Author of Waverley, 9 vols. post 8vo. 4l. 14s. 6d. bds.—The Epicurean, a Tale, by Thomas Moore, fcp. 8s. bds.—Philosophy in Sport, 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Des Vaux's Torquato Tasso, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Scutcliffe on the Poor Laws, 2d edition, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Hallam's Constitutional History of England, 2 vols. 4to. 4l. bds.—Milman's Bampton Lectures, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Bismarck's Tactics of Cavalry, by Beamish, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—De Roo's Travels in the United States, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Burke's Works, Vol. VIII. 4to. 2l. 8s. bds.—Catalogue of the Library at Queen's College, Cambridge, 3 vols. imp. 8vo. 2l. 8s. bds.—Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Sketches in Prose, 12mo. 4s. bds.—True Charity, a Tale of the Year 1800, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Riland's Memoirs of a West India Planter, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Practical Sermons, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Causfield's Witness, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Bayle's Sermons, 12mo. 4s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 21	From 42. to 67.	29.78 to 29.86
Friday .. 22	48. — 68.	29.86 — 29.92
Saturday .. 23	58. — 65.	29.99 — 30.00
Sunday .. 24	39. — 68.	29.99 — 30.00
Monday .. 25	40. — 65.	30.00 — Stat.
Tuesday .. 26	44. — 73.	29.99 — 29.97
Wednesday 27	54. — 67.	29.98 — 29.70

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the 27th, generally clear—a little rain on the 28th.

Rain fallen .025 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The analysis of the Life of Napoleon has tempted us to occupy so much room, that we are compelled, even with a double Number, to sacrifice, for a season, much various matter. We shall, however, diligently work it into our pages as quickly as possible. To advertisers we have the same apology to offer; but we shall allow them additional space in our next and succeeding Numbers.

Since our first sheet was printed, a sad accident has happened in the Thames Tunnel, and a life been lost; we do not know what effect it will have on the work generally.

* See the Series of Papers during last autumn, entitled *National Polity and Finance*—since collected and published as a pamphlet by Messrs. Longman and Co.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALE
MALL. His Majesty, upon the request of the Directors, and to gratify the wishes of the Public, has been graciously pleased to allow his Private Collection of Pictures, with several very interesting Additions, to be again exhibited.

The Gallery is open daily, from Ten to Six o'clock.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. The Exhibition of the Society of British Artists is open Daily to the Public, from Nine in the Morning till Six in the Evening.

N.B. Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

ESTABLISHED AND LUCRATIVE
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For further Particulars apply to Messrs. Judson and Pearson, 5, St. Giles's Lane, Holborn.

EXCE HOMO AND MADONA. These two highly finished Engravings, by Mr. WOOLNORTH, after the Old Masters, are now ready for delivery, and may be had of the Publisher, J. Bulcock, 109, Strand, and of all Printersellers. Prints, 5*l.* fine proofs, on India paper, 7*l.* 6*l.*

FINE ARTS. The Committee of the Hull and East Riding Institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, beg to inform those Artists who purpose sending their Works to the Hull Exhibition, that they have extended the time for the reception of Pictures to the 7th July.

W. H. DIKES, Secretary.

KING'S THEATRE, or ITALIAN
OPERA HOUSE, &c. The Assignees of Messrs. Chambers and Son's Estate hereby give notice, that on the 5th July next they intend to determine on the several Proposals for taking the King's Theatre for Season 1827-1828, already received and to be received previously to that Day.

DELICIE SYLVARUM.—Mr. STRUTT
begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he is preparing for publication a Work entitled *DELICIE SYLVARUM*; or, Select Views of Romantic Forest Scenery, drawn from Nature and etched by himself.

The work will be printed in Imperial folio, uniformly with the *Sylvia Britannica*; or, Portraits of Forest Trees, which is now completed in Twelve Parts, and may be had at Mr. Strutt's, 15, Blouin Street, where the Names of Subscribers for the *Delicie Sylvarum* will also be received.

STATUE OF MILO ATTACKED by a WOLF, and the Group of Samson and the Philistines, by Mr. LOUGH, are now exhibiting to the Public at the Great Rooms in Maddox Street, Hanover Square, between the hours of Ten in the Morning and Seven in the Evening.

Admission, 1*l.* each.

Shortly will be published,
A PORTRAIT OF SIR T. STAMFORD
RAFFLES, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. late Lieut.-Governor of Java, Bencoolen, and Singapore; Founder and First President of the Zoological Society.

The Portrait will be engraved upon Steel by S. Cousins, after a Drawing by H. Corbould, taken from a Bust executed by Francis Chantrey, Esq. for the College at Singapore.

Proof Plates upon India paper, to the number of one hundred, will be reserved for such Subscribers as may send their Names to the Secretary of the Zoological Society, 33, Bruton Street; or to Messrs. Sowerby.

The price of the proofs upon India paper, will be 7*l.*; prints, 3*l.* 6*l.*

Just published, by Messrs. Sowerby,
A View in the Island of Ceylon, exhibiting that celebrated Palm the Palmy Tree, in various Stages of Growth, from a Drawing by W. Daniell. Price, coloured, 1*l.* 1*l.*; Plain, 6*l.* 6*l.*

Early in July will be published, price 5*l.* 1*l.* of
THE JURIST; or, Quarterly Journal of Jurisprudence and Legislation.

London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. No. 1. published in April, contains as follows:—I. The Criminal Code—II. Progress of Jurisprudence in the United States—III. Office of Coroner—IV. Consolidation of the Bankrupt Laws—V. Legislative Measures in India for Restraining Freedom of the Press—VI. Law of Evidence—VII. Proposed Alterations in the Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer—VIII. Wager of Law—IX. French Literary Property—X. Introduction of Trial by Jury among the Native of Ceylon—Parliamentary Proceedings—Parliamentary Papers—Proceedings before Magistrates.

Impediments of Speech.—Brotherman's System.—6th edition.
THE Progress of the System for the effectual Removal of Impediments to Speech, bad Articulation, or general Defects in Speaking or Reading, discovered by JOHN BROTHERMAN, F.A.S.E. late of Edinburgh, removed to No. 41, Cadogan Place, London, and may be had at Messrs. Longman's and Co. 39, Paternoster Row; Mr. Galloway, 24, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross; Mr. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Mr. Milliken, Dublin; and Mr. Galignani, Paris; and of all Booksellers.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.
Works published in the course of the week, by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, Emperor of the French, with a Preliminary View of the French Revolution.

By the Author of "Waverley," &c.
In 9 vols. post 8vo. 4*l.* 14*l.* 6*l.* boards.

The Epicurean; a Tale, by Thomas Moore, Esq.
In 1 vol. foolscap 8vo. 3*l.* boards.

Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest, being an Attempt to illustrate the First Principles of Natural Philosophy by the aid of Popular Toys and Sports. 3 vols. 12mo. with Engravings on Wood, from Designs by George Cruikshank, 1*l.* 1*l.* boards.

Torquato Tasso, a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Goethe; with other German Poetry. Translated by Charles De Vaux, Esq. 12*l.* boards.

Owain Goch, a Tale of the Revolution. By the Author of the "Cavalier," the "King of the Peak," &c. &c. In 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 4*l.* boards.

A History of Ireland, by John O'Driscoll. 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*l.* boards.

A Sister's Gift, consisting of Conversations on Sacred Subjects, intended for the Instruction and Amusement of the younger Branches of her Family on Sundays. 2d edition, 12mo. 5*l.* 6*l.* boards.

Musculorum Britannica, containing the *Mosses* of Great Britain and Ireland, systematically arranged and described, with Plates illustrating the characters of the Genera and Species. By William Jackson Hooker, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. and Thomas Taylor, M.D. M.R.I.A. and F.L.S. &c. In 7 vols. 8vo. with Vignette Title-pages, 4*l.* 4*l.* boards.

Tales and Romances of the Author of "Waverley", containing St. Ronan's Well, Redgauntlet, Tales of the Grandmothers, and Woodstock, printed uniform with, and in continuation of the Novels, Tales, and Romances, in 25 vols. 8vo. In 7 vols. 8vo. with Vignette Title-pages, 4*l.* 4*l.* boards.

Conversations on Mythology, 1 vol. 12mo. 5*l.* boards.

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